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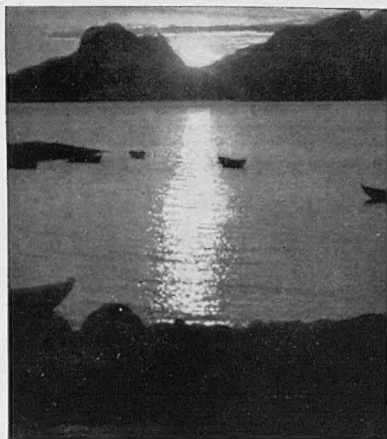
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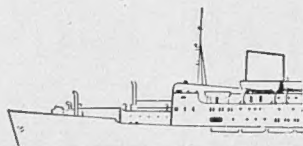
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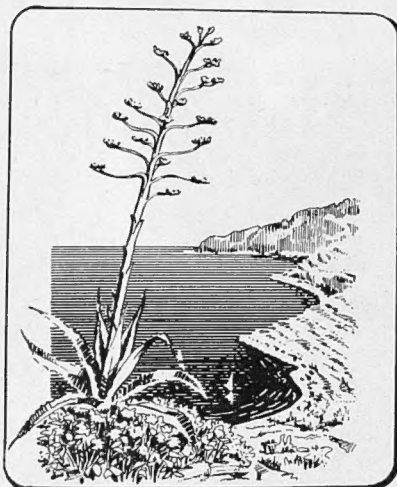
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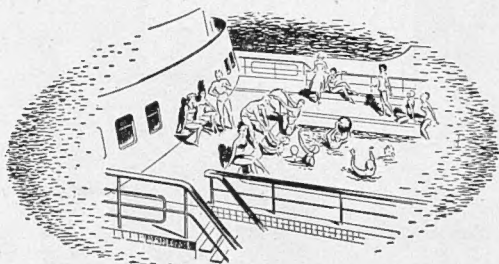
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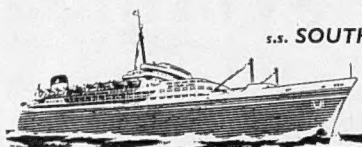


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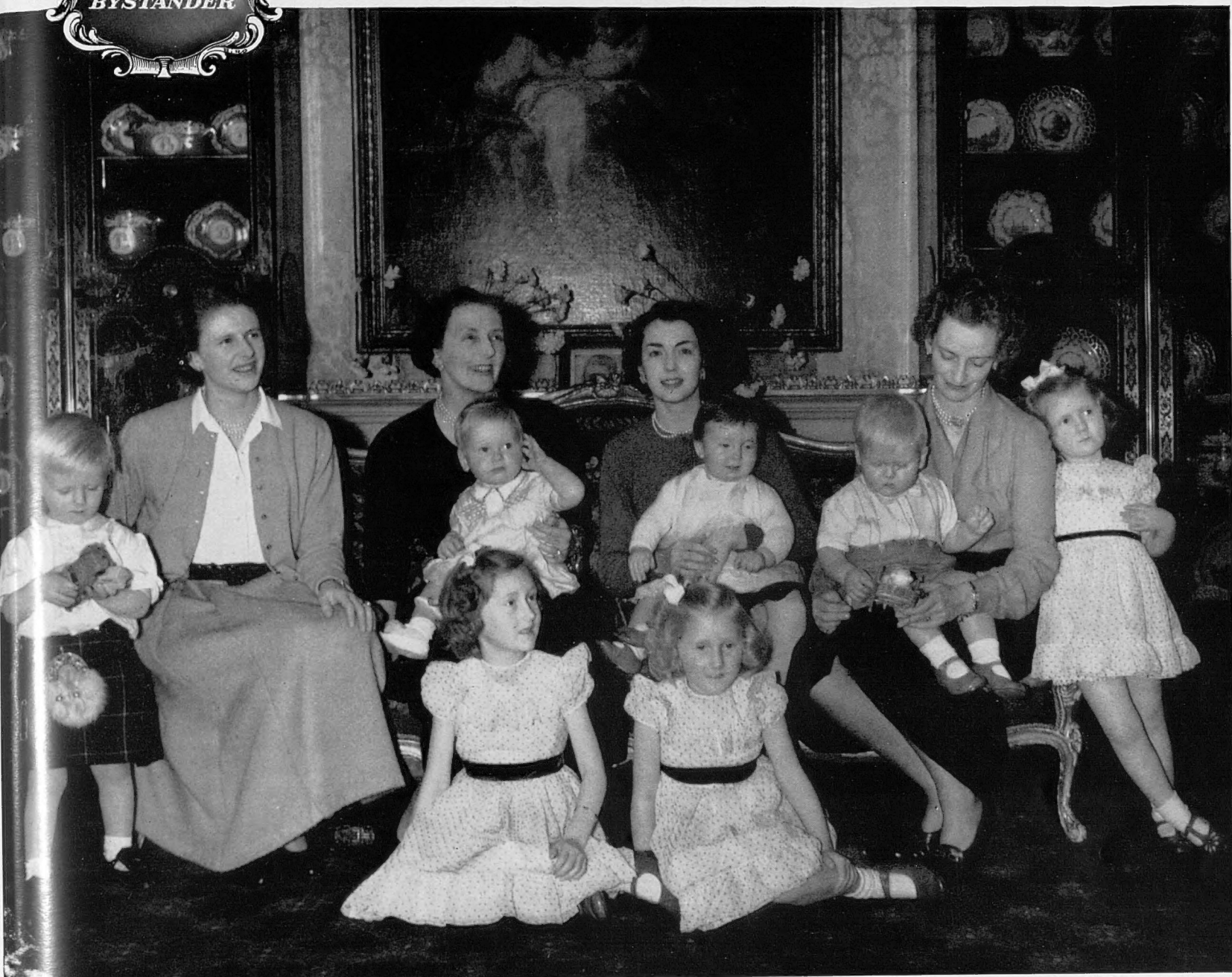
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A Border Gathering

THE Duchess of Buccleuch is seen here at Bowhill, Selkirk, one of the Duke's two Scottish residences, with her daughters, daughter-in-law and grandchildren. Left to right, David Gilmour, Lady Caroline Gilmour, the Duchess of Buccleuch with Oliver Gilmour, the Countess of Dalkeith with Lord Eskdaill, the Duchess of Northumberland with Earl Percy and Lady Julia Percy. In front, Lady Caroline and Lady Victoria Percy



Yevonde

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*The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage,
now on a flying world tour*

ALL her life the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, elder daughter of the late Lord Hirst, has been a tireless worker for hospitals, and she is now a member of the Board of Governors of the Middlesex. She is also County Superintendent for Berkshire of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and is a Dame of that Order. Mrs. Gamage is at present on a world tour by air with her husband, who is President of the Institute of Export and vice-chairman of one of our biggest electrical enterprises

QUEEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH

THIS new portrait of the Queen is by Mr. W. A. Dargie, the leading Australian portrait painter. The picture is to be hung in the King's Hall of the Federal Parliament House, Canberra, and was painted to commemorate the Royal Tour of the Commonwealth. Mr. Dargie, who was an official war artist to the Australian forces during the war, painted this portrait of Her Majesty when he was in England during November and December of last year



Social Journal

Jennifer

ROYAL GUESTS AT THE WEDDING

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, wearing a little blue velvet hat with her mink-trimmed velvet coat and accompanied by her elder son, the Earl of Harewood, and the Countess of Harewood, attended the wedding of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery's son and heir, Lord Primrose, and Miss Deirdre Reid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reid, of Crepping Hall, Wakes Colne, Essex. The ceremony, which was performed by the Bishop of Dover, assisted by the Rev. A. J. Wilcox and the Rev.

C. W. G. Wood, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where huge vases of white lilac, daffodils and scarlet tulips were each side of the chancel steps.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked radiant wearing a classically cut dress of parchment satin, a perfect background for her long lace wedding veil, held in place by a superb diamond tiara, which, like the veil, has been an heirloom in the Rosebery family for many years. She had a retinue of five bridesmaids headed by Lady Jane Fitzalan-Howard and her twin sisters Margaret and Frances, who carried out their duties perfectly.

Behind them came the elder sister, Miss Sally Reid, and Miss Elizabeth Vivian Smith, who is a niece of the bridegroom. They all wore long parchment-coloured organza dresses over taffeta with headdresses of white, yellow and scarlet spring flowers.

WHAT a pleasant change it was not to have a tedious hold-up and a long queue on arrival at the reception, which took place in the ballroom of the Hyde Park Hotel, beautifully decorated with spring

[Continued overleaf]



The Peruvian Ambassador, Señor Ricardo Schreiber, and his wife, Mme. Schreiber at Claridge's

TO CELEBRATE the birthday of the Grand Duchess, the Luxembourg Minister and Mme. Clasen gave a reception in London. They are seen above receiving guests



Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, wife of the Government Minister, was here with Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck



Mme. Huydecoper (the Netherlands Embassy), and Mme. Dumont (the Luxembourg Legation)

Mrs. H. R. Moore taking a glass of champagne with Mrs. P. H. Crosfield at the reception



Diplomatists who were present included the Venezuelan Ambassador with his wife, Mme. Rodriguez

Continuing The Social Journal

Reception that set a precedent

flowers. This was circumvented by having the wedding photographs taken very quickly before the reception, and instead of everyone shaking hands with the parents of both the bride and bridegroom, neither received, and the six hundred guests were announced direct to the newly-married young couple: a splendid innovation which speeded things up considerably and might well be followed at other weddings.

It meant also that the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the latter looking charming in a steel-grey ensemble trimmed with grey fox fur, and Mr. and Mrs. Reid were able to circulate around and talk to the many relations and friends who came to wish Lord and Lady Primrose happiness.

THE bridegroom's half-sisters, the Duchess of Norfolk, wearing a red hat with her phantom beaver coat, with the Duke of Norfolk, and Lady Helen Vivian Smith with the Hon. Hugh Vivian Smith had their children with them, except Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, who is away finishing in Paris. Lady Mary and Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard, who were presented by their mother to the Princess Royal, wore gay red berets with their fawn coats, and Mr. George Vivian Smith was among his cousins, ushers at the church. The Hon. Ronald Strutt, the bridegroom's half-brother, was there and I met Lord Primrose's aunt, the Marchioness of Crewe, a wonderful personality with tremendous charm, wearing a cherry red velvet cap with her mink coat. Her sister, Lady Sybil Grant, was unfortunately not feeling well enough to come up from her home at Epsom to the wedding. Lady Crewe was accompanied by her daughter, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe.

Lord Aberdare with the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce and their young son, Lord and Lady Digby with the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Digby, Christabel Lady Aberconway and Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild were other relations I saw at this very happy reception. The bride's grandfather, Mr. G. Reid, Mrs. Alfred Chaytor, Brig. and Mrs. Clervaux Chaytor, cousins of the bride, Lady Gooch, Sir Heneage Ogilvie, who like the bride's father is an eminent surgeon, and Lady Ogilvie, Vice-Admiral "Jacko" Eaton and Mrs. Eaton, Sir John Greaves and Mrs. Youngman Carter (Margery Allingham the brilliant author of so many good thrillers) were also there. I met Lady Stewart Clark and her very pretty daughter Norina, who was wearing a white ermine beret and tie with her black velvet suit. Norina told me she is hoping to fly out to Canada this month to stay with her brother Jack, who is working in Montreal.

GREETING many friends were Lady Irwin, the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan, Miss Monica Sheriff, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cotton, the latter wearing a velvet coat over her gold lamé dress, Miss Sheran Cazalet, Lady Cynthia Colville in blue, Mr. Dermot Morrah, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Henry Rushbury, Keeper of the R.A., and Mrs. Rushbury, Sir Gordon Gordon-Taylor, another top-ranking surgeon, and Mr. John Harper, who was best man. The Lord and Lady Provost of Edinburgh and the Provost of South Queensferry all came down from Scotland for the wedding.

Baronne Geoffrey de Waldner, very chic with a pink coat and little flower cap, was

over from Paris for the wedding and talking to Lord Rosebery, who, like Lady Rosebery, was tireless in going around greeting all the guests who included many tenants and employees who had come from Mentmore and their home in Scotland. The very youthful-looking bride and bridegroom, looking supremely happy, left for a honeymoon ski-ing in Austria.

Pictures of the wedding will be found on pages 198-9.

* * *

THE Luxembourg Minister and his lovely wife Madame Clasen, who wore a becoming steel grey embroidered satin dress, gave a gay and sparkling party at Claridge's in honour of the anniversary of the birthday of H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. Everyone arrived in an especially happy frame of mind to greet their smiling and welcoming host and hostess. Little introducing was necessary as so many guests knew each other.

Members of the Diplomatic Corps there included the Brazilian Ambassador in deep conversation with the Argentine Ambassador, who had just returned from Switzerland where he had taken his two young sons to ski at Villars, the Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc-Loemaria, M. Lebel, Counsellor at the French Embassy, the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, the U.S. Counsellor and Mrs. Walton Butterworth, and the Peruvian Ambassador and his lovely wife Mme. Schreiber, a most popular couple whom

all their friends are delighted to have back in London.

I saw the High Commissioner for Canada, also Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant, and Lady Grantchester. Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, the latter in a soft red silk dress, were the centre of a group of friends. Other Members of Parliament I met were Mr. Boyd-Carpenter and his wife talking to Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, and Commander Noble and his wife nearby chatting with friends. Mr. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck was there with his wife—who was recently chosen, and rightly, as one of the best dressed women in England—and Lady Petrie, the Mayor of Kensington, looked in on her way to a Mayoral dinner at the Mansion House. Sir Charles Petrie was, in contrast, going on to dine quietly at his club.

LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS, wearing a hat with a sweeping paradise plume, came on from a committee meeting and joined Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys. I also met Lord and Lady Swinfen, Count Ahlefeldt talking to Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, Mr. Geoffrey Keating, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones having a word with Rafaella Duchess of Leinster, who was saying goodbye to friends as she was off to America for a visit the following week, and Col. Sydney Fitzgerald who brought his daughter Georgina.

Just after I came away from that very enjoyable party I met Lady Wright, who was leaving next morning with Sir Michael Wright for Baghdad, where he has gone to take

up his new post as British Ambassador to Iraq. They were leaving behind their two sons, one of whom has left school, while the other is still at Winchester, but they are going to fly out to join their parents in the Easter holidays. Lady Wright had just heard that her dogs had arrived safely by air from Norway and were at London Airport ready to fly out with them next morning. Sir Michael was formerly our Ambassador in Norway for four years, and both he and Lady Wright were extremely popular and will be much missed in Oslo.

* * *

FOR a short while I looked in at the Young People's Ball held at Victory House, Leicester Square, at the end of the holidays, in aid of the League of Pity. Huge bunches of balloons and scarlet and silver floral decorations, which had all kindly been given, were arranged around the room and hall. There was a long buffet with a delightful-looking supper which Mrs. Parry Thomas had organized exceptionally well, while Mrs. Mark Strutt, whose little daughter Charlotte was at the dance, Mrs. Hart, the Hon. Mrs. Bernard Kelly and Mrs. R. D. Poore ran a tombola where the prizes worked out at generous odds.

Mrs. George Courtauld, chairman of the Ball, brought a party including her son Sam and her nephew Anthony Courtauld. Her eldest son George was, alas, in bed with

[Continued overleaf]



Swabe

WEDDING MERRIMENT: Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hooton, of the Avenue Foch, Paris, who were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, are seen with their bridal attendants during the reception which was held at the Ritz Hotel. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. R. Hooton and the late Mrs. Hooton, of Winnipeg, and the bride is Miss Carol Mary Lascelles Carr, only daughter of the late Mr. H. Lascelles Carr, and of Mrs. J. S. P. Armstrong, of Chequers Corner, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey

A BALL AT COWDRAY HOUSE

THE Cowdray Hunt held, by permission of Viscount Cowdray, their ball at his home. Party hosts included Viscount Addison, Lord Monk Bretton who came over from Conyboro, Lady Janet Gore and Lady Troubridge

Left: Mrs. R. Hudson, Major Miles Reid, Col. R. Hudson, Mrs. Jackson and Mr. J. C. Penny were having a glass of champagne together

Right: Viscount Cowdray, at whose house the hunt ball was held, with Mrs. M. G. O'Brien



Continuing The Social Journal

Wykehamists took over the dance music

influenza and unable to come. Both boys are at school at Gordonstoun. Other young people dancing were Susannah and Davina Barclay, who came with their parents Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Barclay, and joined up in a big party with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Smith and their three children; Grania who was enjoying her first big dance, Christopher who is a scholar at Winchester, and Rupert who has just joined the Life Guards.

The Hon. Elizabeth Rees-Williams came with her mother, Lady Ogmores, who had a party, and Mrs. Poore, who did so much to make the ball a success, had her young family there. Dancing continued while the band were at supper, as three young Wykehamists, Adam Ridley, James Macdonald and Barry McFadyean, who have formed a band and call it "The Skyscrapers," volunteered to play, and did so extremely well.

LATER a splendid cabaret was given by Peter Sellers, who told amusing stories and did some clever impersonations, including one of Sir Winston Churchill, which he had only done once before, at Windsor Castle. Then Julian Slade, playing in cabaret for the first time, sang a selection of his own songs from *Salad Days*. I was interested to hear that a long-playing record of *Salad Days* was being rushed through specially to be ready in time for Princess Margaret to take on her Caribbean tour. The Princess enjoyed the show very much when she saw it and already has the music, while Princess Alexandra enjoyed it, too, and like her elder brother, the Duke of Kent, has been to see it a second time.

★ ★ ★

THE Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken gave a delightful little party at their Lord North Street house, in honour of the Russian-born American sculptor Mr. Nickolai Trigor, who has been the official sculptor to the White House, he told me, during three

Presidencies (we published a photograph of his very fine bronze bust of President Eisenhower in The TATLER of January 19). He is a very prolific worker, and since he has been in this country has been modelling a head of Mrs. Max Aitken which promises to be exceptionally lovely and is to be cast in rose marble. He has also just finished a superb head of Mr. and Mrs. Aitken's three-year-old son Maxwell, a good-looking little boy with great character, which the artist has managed to express in his sculpture.

This work, which is ready to be cast in bronze, was on view at the party, where I met Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Fremantle, who like the Aitkens are keen sailing enthusiasts, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Churchill, Lord Beaverbrook's sister Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, Viscount Bracken and Col. and Mrs. John Ward. The latter is also sitting for Mr. Trigor and was fixing an appointment for the following afternoon.

★ ★ ★

FROM friends who have been in Wengen, I hear that it has been packed during the Christmas holidays, and now a fresh lot of visitors, who like to wait for the longer days and more sunshine, are arriving out there to ski in February and March. Among the earlier contingent and staying at the Palace Hotel were that very good-looking couple Col. and Mrs. William Forbes who live in Norfolk. They had with them the two elder of their family of four, Iain and Anthony. The latter, who is ten, is an extremely promising skier, like so many of Wengen's Junior D. H. O. trainees between the ages of seven and seventeen.

Also at the Palace were Mr. and Mrs. Alan Wallace from Stirlingshire with their son and daughter, Moray and Rosemary, and Baron von der Straten with his attractive wife and four children who all skied indefatigably. Lord and Lady Walpole who also live in Norfolk—at Wolterton Hall, one of the show houses of England—were out in Wengen with their son Robin and a party of young friends. Lady Walpole unfortunately broke her foot while ski-ing soon after her arrival. Lord Rothschild's sister, the Hon. Mrs. George Lane, was *en famille* at Chalet Friedheim with her children Rosie, Charles, Johanna and Charlotte whose ages range from nine to three.

They were a picturesque quartet in their white ski-ing jerseys with their names stitched across the front in red. Rosie won second prize in a children's race for the under tens. Mrs. Lane and her husband have just bought Elsfield Manor, near Oxford, from Susan Lady Tweedsmuir.

★ ★ ★

FROM St. Moritz, where I hope to spend a few days in the second week of February to see the first world championship on the famous Cresta Run, I hear they are having a very gay season, and happily, up to the time of writing, plenty of snow. Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley and her daughter Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander were out there over the New Year. I recently met the Earl of Cottenham looking very fit and bronzed, also having just returned from St. Moritz where he had been staying with the Countess of Cottenham and their two daughters Lady Davina and Lady Gillian Pepys.

Mrs. Edward Slesinger was staying at the Palace Hotel with her two sons who both got their silver medals ski-ing while they were there. The Earl and Countess of Selkirk went up for a brief visit before they had to return for his Parliamentary duties. The new Piz-nair air lift up to 10,000 feet is, I hear, a tremendous success and much appreciated by skiers who are now able to enjoy many new runs down to St. Moritz.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to rather an unusual exhibition in pictures called "The Artist's View Of An Industry," at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, in Conduit Street. These pictures, which have been painted by more than fifty artists, not only British, but also French, Dutch, Italian and Swiss, portray work in the oil industry—the vastness of the refineries, installations, storage tanks and research centres. These were all made at the invitation of Shell Petroleum and its associated companies in Europe, who feel that the artist has his part to play in the interpretation of vital industries to the public.

Two outstanding pictures to me were, firstly, one of Stanlow refinery in Cheshire, the work of Diana Cumming, who is now away in Rome painting and has been studying under



Left: Viscountess Cowdray was listening to Major Miles Reid. Lady Cowdray, who was married in 1953, has a daughter born in June last year



Right: Miss Lavinia Coryton and Mr. John Fordham were two of the younger generation who came to this good ball

Professor William Coldstream. The second was the work of an Italian painter, Luciano Minori, entitled "Oil Worker," which showed a keen face under a safety helmet, and a strong hand grasping a pair of pliers.

Sir Kenneth Clark opened the exhibition in the presence of a small gathering including members of a committee which had advised on the selection of the pictures (which incidentally have all been bought by Shell). These included Sir John Rothenstein, Professor William Coldstream, Mr. Robin Darwin, Mr. Philip James and Mr. Robert Lyon.

★ ★ ★

LADY (ELENA) BENNETT, the chairman, presided at the recent committee meeting to discuss plans for the Winter Ball. This is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on February 16, and as in previous years it promises to be a very well-run affair and a very good evening. By the end of the meeting more than half the tickets had already been sold. The president is Viscount Woolton, who was not able to be present at the committee meeting, but the vice-president, Viscountess Kilmuir, was there and spoke very well, as did Sir Nigel Colman, the hon. treasurer.

Others present included Mr. and Mrs. David Gammans, Capt. Ronald Bowes-Lyon, R.N., and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, Lady Colman, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, Lady Maclean, Lady Manning, Mr. and Mrs. K. P. Strohmenger and the Hon. Mrs. Edmund Ironside. Tickets for the ball from Lady (Elena) Bennett, 8 Hertford Avenue, S.W.14.

★ ★ ★

ON March 1, Viscount and Viscountess Woolton and Mr. Alan and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd will be among the guests at the Hampstead Conservative Association dinner-dance to be held at the May Fair Hotel. Lt.-Col. the Hon. John Fremantle is the president, and the patrons include the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl and Countess of Euston and Lord and Lady Balneil, with a committee headed by Col. H. Ashley-Scarlett and Mrs. Ian Mactaggart. Tickets for the ball obtainable from the chairman and hon. treasurer Col. H. Ashley-Scarlett, 43 Ferncroft Avenue, N.W.3.

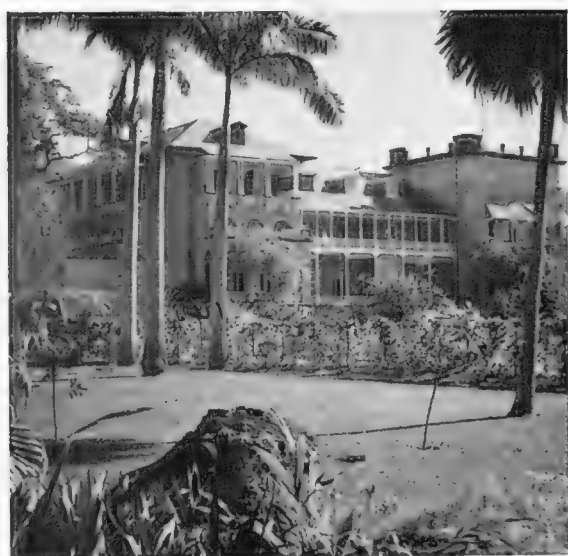


Miss Mary Vasey was in conversation with Mr. Fred Withers, Master of the Cowdray, who lives at Whip Hill Farm, Midhurst

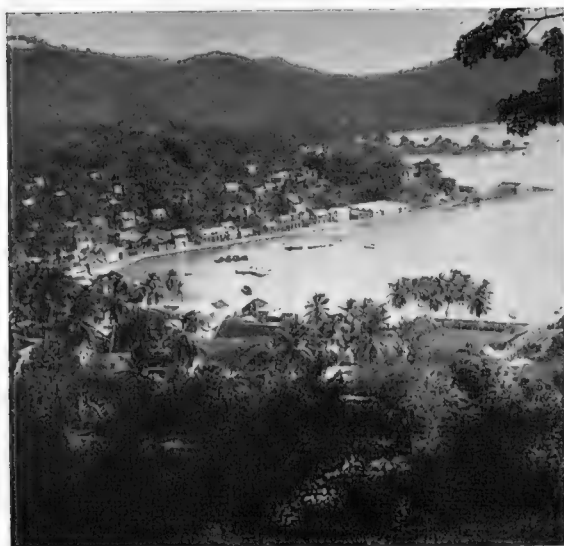


Mr. Ian Grant and Miss Iona Tottenham were among those who enjoyed the eggs and bacon which were provided at 3 a.m.

The surf murmuring on the beach at St. James, Leeward Coast, Barbados, where conditions are perfect for water sports of every kind



Government House, Trinidad, has a magnificent setting of palm-studded gardens. Though built in 1873, it has a remarkably modern air



The beautiful inner harbour at Grenada, where the hills come tumbling steeply down to the very brink of the Atlantic

PRINCESS IN THE FORTUNATE ISLES

• Sir Harold Mitchell, Bt. •

The author, a leading business man and landowner in Jamaica, gives a first-hand account of the pleasures awaiting Princess Margaret during her Caribbean tour. The Princess was due to land in Trinidad yesterday

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET will find, during her tour of the Caribbean islands, a dramatic change from the England she has left behind after only a short flight. This will have impressed itself upon her from the moment of landing at Piarco Airport, Trinidad, and the ensuing drive over an excellent road (made, incidentally, from asphalt out of the celebrated Trinidad Pitch Lake, which Sir Walter Raleigh once used to caulk his ships) to Government House in Port of Spain.

There, with her host and hostess, the Governor, Sir Hubert Rance, and Lady Rance, who have done such splendid work for the island, I can imagine her walking on the green lawns encircling the house, while all around formal flower beds, gay with gladioli and dahlias backed by all the lovely tropical shrubs will be in flower. She will, certainly, find a moment to look at the Botanical Gardens which adjoin Government House, filled with a wonderful collection of trees, shrubs and orchids.

TOMORROW she is due to drive through Port of Spain, one of the most cosmopolitan places in the world, a busy, hustling city. Beyond it, on the way to the oilfields, to San Fernando and to Arima, she will pass through the great sugar plantations for which the island is famed.

In Barbados, the Princess will be welcomed by Sir Robert and Lady Arundell to their lovely house set in a gracious garden. It will, perhaps, remind her of home, for Barbados is proud of its nickname, "Little England."

The fields will be green, not with grass but with sugar cane, and she will see wide, sunlit beaches which more and more people are finding ideal for holidaymaking.

So beautiful are the islands, yet so different, that no two travellers ever agree on their charms, but to me the scenery of Grenada, the Spice Island of the Caribbean is, together with that of the north coast of Jamaica, the most picturesque I know. It is well-wooded, with many cocoa and nutmeg estates, and a road encircles it, keeping always near the sea and magnificent beaches like the Grande Anse, with the lure of which Grenada is rapidly building up her tourist industry. St. George, the capital, is a charming old colonial town which takes one straight back into Hanoverian days. Here Sir Edward and Lady Beetham will be hosts to the Princess.

AFTER a short journey to picturesque St. Vincent, the Royal yacht will take the Princess northwards to Antigua. This colony brings back memories of the fierce struggles of the past, for here is English Harbour, the great British West Indian base in the wars with Napoleon. It was here that Nelson lived and refitted his ships, and today it is the most romantic spot in the West Indies. Long abandoned, it was falling into disrepair, but fortunately a Society has been formed—The Friends of English Harbour—to restore and preserve it. Lady Churchill is keenly interested in this work.

The Governor and Lady Blackburn have done an immense amount for Antigua and the other Leeward Islands, Sir Kenneth being particularly interested in agriculture.

St. Kitts is a small island, growing some of the

finest sugar cane in the world. The great fort is a fascinating reminder of its stormy past, when half the island was French and the other half British. Across the waters is the shore line of tiny Nevis where Alexander Hamilton was born, and where Nelson was married in Fig Tree Church.

THE Princess will land at Port Royal in Jamaica, that famous old seaport renowned for the exploits of buccaneers and captains who raided the Spanish Main in bygone days. The narrow entrance guards the way to Kingston, capital city of Jamaica.

She will stay at King's House, the residence of Sir Hugh and Lady Foot, who work unceasingly for Jamaica and have given a magnificent lead in guiding the island back to prosperity after the disastrous hurricane in 1951. One of the highlights of the visit will be a ball on February 21 at the University College of the West Indies. It will be a great occasion with the grounds attractively lit and a gay throng assembled from all over the island. The proceeds will go to the Princess Alice Appeal for the University College which is being launched in March.

Princess Alice herself, who is Chancellor of the University College, will welcome Princess Margaret. She and the Earl of Athlone are spending part of the winter on the north coast of the island.

Very wisely some recreation has been fitted into the Princess's crowded programme. In Jamaica, for example, she will have a glimpse of social life in the West Indies when she attends an informal open-air barbecue supper at Mandeville. She will also dine at Blue Mountain Inn with Col. Daly and the officers of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. It is a lovely spot, high in the mountains of St. Andrew, where a river rushes by on its way to the sea.

ONE of her last days in Jamaica will be spent going down the rapids of the Rio Grande on a raft, which is immense fun. A fast river, rather like the Tweed in Scotland, it dashes along with high hills on each side, outposts of the Blue Mountains. Each bamboo raft has a single raftsman and can take two passengers. The skill of the men who have been steering these craft for years is uncanny as they swing through the rapids with unerring skill.

The Bahamas are possibly the best known of the Caribbean colonies to Americans, for some of the islands are close to Florida and Nassau itself is only a half hour's flight from the mainland. The great hotels of the islands are filling up for a bumper season, and recreations include tennis and golf, racing and swimming. Lord Ranfurly, the Governor, and Lady Ranfurly, who are doing a really fine job, will entertain the Princess, and she will find a happy home with them.

The outer islands of the Bahamas are becoming better known each year. Rosita Forbes led the way by building a lovely French farmhouse in a beautiful corner of Eleuthera, filled with treasures from her travels, while Andros Island, too, is being opened up with a fine new Yacht Club.

VISITS like that of H.R.H. Princess Margaret, following on that of the Queen, do an immense amount to bring to the notice of the travelling public, both in Britain and the U.S.A., the charms of the islands. Those of us who live in the West Indian colonies are deeply grateful for these visits, especially as we know the tremendously hard work which a journey of this kind entails. And if one thing is certain, it is that Princess Margaret will be assured of a wonderful welcome wherever she goes in the islands.



A magnificent example of the ficus tree stands by the open-air swimming pool at the Shaw Park Hotel, Ochos Rios, on Jamaica's north coast, a district which many eminent men and women have made their second home



CURLING IN SCOTLAND: The Dundee and District Curling Province held their "Bonspiel" on Rossie Lake, Inchtute, Perthshire—the first time that it has been possible to hold this event since 1947. Miss Gertrude Neish, of the Balruddery Club, Dundee, who is a gold medallist skater, is seen directing a shot

Roundabout

—Paul Holt

An informant tells me, with a fair degree of certainty, that one small speck of the Commonwealth is about to be reclaimed from foreign possession.

It is small, but important. It is Drury Lane.

After quite ten years in the possession of the Americans it will revert to an English show just so soon as the current entertainment *The King And I* comes to an appointed end.

Consistently since *Oklahoma!* this greatest of all English theatres has been staging American entertainment. The King's and Princes' side had become the Hammerstein and Rodgers side.

This has irked many, although I could see two good reasons for it. In the first place, it was wonderfully refreshing, after the four years' siege of Britain known as World War Two, to have a window again on the outside world, a window to throw

open to let the wind from across the Atlantic blow in.

And there was a justice, not too poetic, but valid just the same; for it was an Englishman, running away from the consequences of a duel in the Green Room at Drury Lane, who founded the American theatre!

Now the Lane, second best-loved of all London houses, will be British again.

The fantastic success of Sandy Wilson's mock musical comedy *The Boy Friend* has prompted important sponsors to invite the same team, Wilson composer and Vida Hope producer, to attempt a musical on the grand scale.

The hero will be Henry VIII and, as you may guess, there will be six leading ladies.

LONDON'S second best-loved house?

I said that because, despite its ugliness, discomfort, draughts and corridors (it has more of the last, I swear,

than Leicester Square Tube station) Buck House is best loved.

It is a symbol of British sturdiness, showing the world how we can overcome all hostility and ills with a sang-froid that is almost sunny.

THIS has reminded me that Buck House is wrongly called a Palace. It is not. Officially it is a zoo. This came about in the reign of King George V.

Do you remember the panic that spread throughout the country a quarter of a century ago at the incidence of a new and terrible disease called psittacosis, or the parrot disease?

It was supposed to strike us all low, and the public confidence was so badly shaken in the power of the Government that something had to be done. People with parrots began to fall ill all over the country. It did not occur to the authorities

that they would have fallen ill, parrot or no, for it was a kind of virulent flu they had.

The Government took no risk. It had an Order in Council drafted which forbade the import of foreign cage birds such as parrots and budgerigars, and this was signed by the King.

IT was within an hour of signing the document that His Majesty remembered his macaw. It perched on the back of his chair and squawked at Prime Ministers when they called for an audience.

The King loved it so dearly that he had ordered it a mate from Brazil. And, unthinking, the Royal hand had just signed an order forbidding the entry of all parrots, parakeets, cockatoos, cockatiels, lorries, lorikeets, caiques, lovebirds, budgerigars and macaws.

Poor Arthur Greenwood, then Minister of Health, was up a tree, for not only was every old lady in the land who owned a budgerigar calling him a heartless monster, but here was Sir Clive Graham, the King's Private Secretary, on the telephone hinting pretty strongly that H.M. wanted an exception made in favour of his impending Brazilian macaw.

Arthur was firm. An Order in Council is an Order in Council, signed by the King's own hand.

Besides, suppose the Brazilian macaw gave His Majesty influenza?

BUT politicians are not so-called for nothing and Arthur had an idea. If Buckingham Palace was, for the purposes of the act, officially designated as a zoological gardens, the King's macaw could enter the country.

Diffidently he made the suggestion to Sir Clive, who passed it on. The King roared with pleasure. The new order was signed at once. "But," said the King, "you must keep it secret. I don't want to have crowds coming to the Palace and a fellow on the gate taking tickets from people wanting to see the wild animals."

Times, of course, have changed. Nowadays most historical houses have a fellow at the gate taking tickets, whether there be wild animals to see or no.

This story, which I find delightful, was originally told by my friend Ian Mackay, one of the greatest personalities of letters of the past quarter century.

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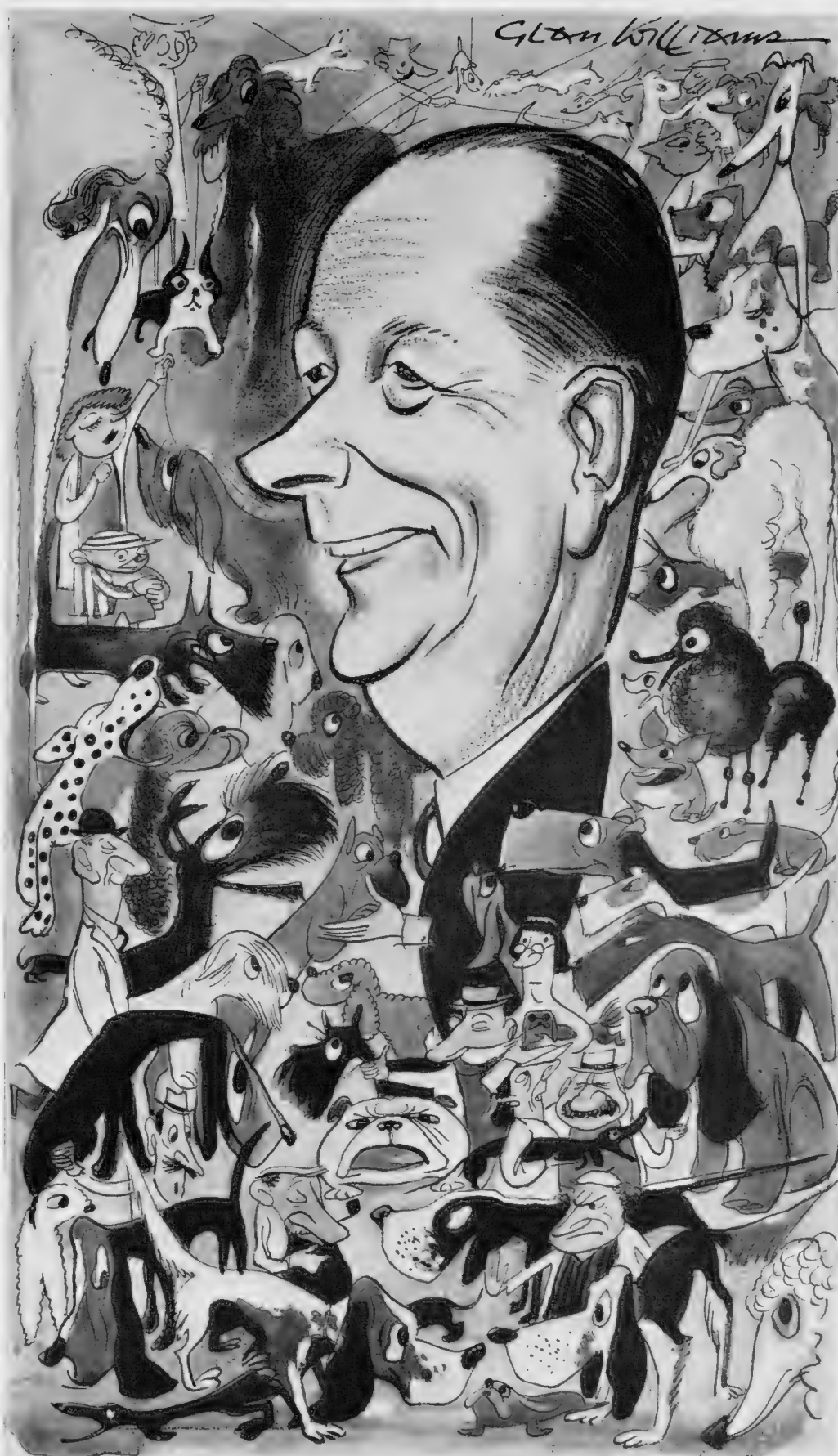
SHAKESPEARE has got back his left hand.

It has been missing since the blitz and he has been standing, cross-legged and pensive, staring at the pigeons, at the lonely people on the benches and at the garish cinema signs in Leicester Square, with that chunk of him missing.

Now he has his hand back, but nobody has noticed. The new hand is beautifully shaped and gracefully drooping. But it is so new that it makes the rest of our Shakespeare look grubby.

This white addition reminds me of the two little girls in the advertisement for a detergent. One looks at the other with wide, surprised eyes to see how white her dress has washed.

Poor Shakespeare looked ridiculous before. Now he looks absurd.



MR. E. HOLLAND BUCKLEY, secretary of Cruft's Show, which is being held at Olympia on Friday and Saturday, was appointed secretary to the Kennel Club in 1939, after being assistant secretary for many years, and became responsible for the Show's organization when it was taken over by the Club in 1948. From that date it has had remarkable success, and is now by far the biggest exhibition of its kind in the world, with entries reaching six thousand, and attendances totalling up to fifty thousand for the two days. Mr. Holland Buckley also acts as secretary to the Kennel Club Ladies' Branch, the International Gundog League and the Field Trial Council

MEDICAL GOLFERS' CELEBRATION

THE London Irish Medical Golfing Society, which was founded in 1928, held its annual dinner and dance at the May Fair, where 150 guests, who included many eminent physicians and surgeons, enjoyed the evening's entertainment. Right: Dr. M. Nunan, the president, and Mrs. Nunan, chatting to Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Lahiff



DINING IN

Art of the soufflé

—Helen Burke

"AFTERS" is a useful term, describing something, either savoury or sweet, which follows what has gone before. I had been in this country for fifteen years before I heard the word used in this sense.

During the bombing of London, I spent some time in Woolwich Arsenal, in connection with a newspaper feature, to see how the women were standing up to the ordeal. I helped in the canteen. "What's for 'afters'?" one woman asked me at the service hatch, passing me a chit. I had no idea what she meant, but said that I would see.

A young assistant, looking with pity at what was supposed to be a new "hand," said: "Semolina pudding—plums and custard—or plum tart." Thus, "Afters" were explained.

THEY are very important to those who like them. Biscuits and cheese are good enough for many, but others want a "proper" dish. A soufflé is a good one; it can be either savoury or sweet. It can also be the crowning glory of a meal or a disappointing flop, yet, of all the "exotic" dishes, it is one of the easiest and quickest to prepare.

But it will not wait for the diners. If there is any waiting to be done, it is for them to wait for it. Exact timing, therefore, is essential. You can make your preparations early in the day, if you like, and finish off at the proper moment.

For a cheese soufflé for four, first butter the soufflé dish, sprinkle it with flour and shake off the excess. In a pan large enough to hold all the ingredients, melt 2 oz. butter and gently cook in it a scant 2 oz. flour. Stir in a teacup of milk and, while stirring, bring to the boil. Add a few grains of cayenne pepper, a tiny pinch of grated nutmeg and a little salt, remembering that the cheese will be salty.

Away from the heat, stir in 2 oz. grated Parmesan or Gruyère cheese or not-too-soft Cheddar. Beat well, then beat in 3 egg yolks. If necessary, sieve the mixture; it must be very smooth. Finally, whip 3 egg whites very stiffly and fold them

through and through. They must be well incorporated.

Turn into the prepared dish to three-quarters full. Level off, then run your thumb all the way round the inside edge of the dish. This encourages the soufflé to rise up straight. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a fairly hot oven (375–400 deg. F.), with a good bottom heat. During the preparation it is well to have heating in the oven a thick baking-sheet on which to place the dish, so that the soufflé gets off to a good hot start.

VANILLA soufflé is made in the same way, omitting the pepper and salt, of course, adding a teaspoon of vanilla essence to the white sauce and substituting sugar for cheese. The buttered soufflé dish, in this case, should be sprinkled with caster sugar instead of flour.

For a chocolate soufflé, dissolve 1½ oz. grated dessert chocolate in the milk and proceed as for the vanilla sweet.



DINING OUT

Ghost of Dizzy

ON November 21, 1837, Queen Victoria's future Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli, wrote a letter to his sister telling her how he had celebrated the opening of the First Parliament of the Queen's Reign, and here is an extract, exactly as written:

"I dined, or rather supped, at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side, off Oysters, Guinness, and Broiled Bones, and got to bed at

½ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day methinks of my life."

And so to see what the Carlton in the Haymarket consists of in 1955.

There is the old bar at street level unaltered over fifty years, and the grill room down below. It is a sad thought that possibly within a few years they will close down altogether and become the headquarters of the New Zealand Government in this country. Go there while you may; their flag flies high even to the extent of re-opening the Silver Grill (it was badly knocked about in the war) and the food retains the tradition that you can "dine well at the Carlton," and what is more at a very reasonable price. The menus are *à la carte* and unless you start off with *pâté de fois gras* you can choose yourself an excellent four-course dinner and escape at round about 25s.

WHAT you add to this for quenching your thirst depends on your palate and your pocket.

If you are in the mood and your pocket is bulging you can give it a real good bang, as the wine list is one to dumbfound you. It is the wine list of the Ritz, but the bottles are in the cellar: 1914 Chateau Lafitte and Latour at 80s. per bottle, Chateau Margot '23 at 75s., Chateau Yquem '37 (which was a fine year for Sauternes) at 65s. There is also a magnificent selection of champagnes which I would go for by the magnum: all the great names are there. As a guide to the prices, here is a random choice: Perrier-Jouet '42 and George Goulet '42 and '43 at 105s., Charles Heidsieck '47 at 115s., Krug Private Cuvée at 125s.

But don't despair for, from the sublime to the not at all ridiculous, there is *rosé and rouge, en carafe* at 12s. 6d. and a Beaujolais at 15s. 6d.

TAKE your leisure in the bar and talk to the gentlemen in charge, J. A. Krakeel, who has been there for forty-one years and is still a Dutch citizen, and C. E. Bachelor, aged seventy-three, who has been there for forty-four years, has served in most sections of the hotel and now finds himself in the drink dispensing department; both of them served with Escoffier and Caesar Ritz. They can take you back into the great past of the Carlton, which were indeed gracious days, and although times have changed they are happy to serve the new generation.

There is a great record of long service here; the chef, Clarence Hall, has been there forty years, and the *maitre d'hôtel*, Henri Mittas, twenty-nine.

—I. Bickerstaff

PRESIDENT'S PUTTER STAYS PUT

THE Cambridge captain, Gordon Huddy, won the President's Putter for the second year in succession when he beat Peter Gracey of Oxford by 4 and 3 in the inter-University finals at Rye



Peter Gracey makes a good recovery from the rough during his match against Gordon Huddy. He first played for Oxford University just after the war



A spectator holds on to his hat while Gordon Huddy drives down against the high wind from the seventh green, competing magnificently with weather conditions



Left: Mrs. John Greenly, Mr. Carol Ramsden, Mrs. Laddie Lucas, W/Cdr. Lucas, M.P., and Miss Jeanne Bisgood, who is an English International and Curtis Cup golfer



Right: Miss Jane Yuille, the eighteen-year-old English International and Sussex county player, Mrs. Arscott and Mr. C. Taylor

Priscilla in Paris

Retreat from
the Alma

ON TOP HOLIDAY FORM
IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

Above: Mrs. Peter Dollar and her small daughter Jane at Kleine Scheidegg, that high, sunny spot under the Jungfrau. Mrs. Dollar's husband is the well-known polo player, who is frequently seen at Cowdray Park matches. Below: Miss Rosemary Wallace and her brother Moray were staying at Wengen with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Wallace, whose Scottish home, Endrick Lodge, is near Stirling



OWNER-DRIVERS who are in the habit of leaving their cars in the parks on the banks of the Seine had some anxious moments this week. The pleasant modulations of M. Jean Calvel's voice do a great deal to palliate any sad news he announces over the air, but when his midday broadcast informed us that the river had risen to danger-point, quite a few owners panicked badly.

I was lunching in a house overlooking the Alma bridge. In less than ten minutes alarmed drivers began to arrive. The ramp leading up from the quays to the streets became chock-a-block with cars. Onlookers smiled, expecting the pandemonium that would bring a posse of eager *agents de police* to deal with it. The last few months, however, have taught us that silence is the best policy. (Especially now that we have to pay our fines on the nail. Cheques not accepted.) Not a hoot was heard above the grinding of bumped fenders, of scraping metal, of muttered anathema, and the plaintive groans of gears changed down with awkward haste.

Suddenly a neat little G.B. two-seater came into view. It was squeezed between two big cars and seemed to be pushing an enormous family barouche. Slowly the procession topped the ramp and, as it advanced, music issued from the little car. A gramophone was open on the seat beside the driver and, peremptory as the most authoritative siren, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" blared in our astonished ears; and onwards they all went!

HAVING seen Mme. Mary Bell—late of the Comédie Française—in modern plays only, her interpretation of Racine's *Bérénice*, in a new production presented by the Madeleine Renaud-Jean-Louis Barrault Company, is a revelation. She is now acclaimed as the greatest tragedienne this country—that boasts of so many great players—possesses. The most indifferent spectator must have felt the inward fire and anguish of the rôle that she played with such intense, repressed agony, without ranting, almost without gestures.

This was the first important première of 1955. The usual quotiety of celebrities was present, together with the merely notorious, amidst whom, that evening, were a shocking number of well-dressed hooligans. Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners*, that was given in the second part of the programme, pleased not their rabbit-brains. It is doubtful whether they had really enjoyed the limpid beauty of Racine, but at least they had been impressed, and therefore had behaved. It followed that, not daring to fidget during the classic, they took their impertinent revenge on the modern poet.

The evening ended in a free fight for all. A catch-as-catch-can affair. I am not sure which clan made the more noise. The boosers or the enthusiasts. I have rarely



Brodrick Haldane

Mrs. William Forbes and her twelve-year-old son Iain, who have been staying at the Palace Hotel, Wengen, were here lugging on the heights above the Lauterbrunnen Valley. Mrs. Forbes is the wife of Col. William Forbes, and comes from Ayrshire

seen such a display of bad manners. It was, of course, impossible to follow the fantastic dreams of the four soldiers on the stage, to whom the spectators must have added a grim nightmare. This was disappointing, for I regret to say that I have never read or seen any of Mr. Christopher Fry's work. I look forward to doing so on a more peaceful occasion.

As I left the theatre I realised that one young couple had come to Marigny under some misapprehension. "I thought, *cheri*," said she to him, "that it was a play about Four Colonels!"

JEAN COCTEAU's friends have persuaded him to stand for election to the Académie Française. He must have taken a great deal of persuading. One cannot imagine

Cocteau really desirous of wearing a cocked hat, gold-embroidered suit and dinky sword on great occasions, nor can he be wishful to take part in the compiling of an official Dictionary of the French Language, since this, I understand, is the main job of the forty immortals.

To quote from Quillet (*circa* 1934): "Its (the Academy's) principal occupation is the composition and amendment of the French Dictionary, of which it has published seven editions; the first appearing in 1694 and the most recent in 1877. A new edition is now in course of publication."

Cocteau, at the age of sixty-six—in appearance a well-preserved fifty—is famous in every walk of life. He has known every

kind of success as novelist, dramatist, artist, essayist, poet, *cinéaste*, master of *belles-lettres* and, on occasion, actor on both stage and screen. If he is elected in time to add his word to the Dictionary "now in course of publication," we shall expect it to be a *de luxe* edition, printed on vellum and gilt-edged, between gold-tooled, maroquin boards!

Causerie sans blague

● Carmen Tessier tells a delightful story: "How dare you kick me!" says the ostrich to the serpent. "Don't be silly?" replies the serpent. "You know perfectly well I haven't any feet!" And he crawls away, shrugging his shoulders as he goes.

At the Theatre

A problem evaded

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THE present Old Vic Company are settling down all too comfortably into ordinariness. Set to plough the whole of the Shakespearian field (perhaps an ill-timed plan) and coming in due course to *Richard II.*, they are satisfied to take this still challenging tragedy in their workaday stride. That is to say, they set it going with trumpets flourishing and banners aswirl, and leave the audience to decide for themselves what sort of person Shakespeare meant Richard to be.

IF the Old Vic were just a South London repertory company or if the play were as straightforward as *Henry V.*, this might do well enough. In fact, the famous theatre in the Waterloo Road has to do its best under admitted difficulties to share with Stratford the responsibility for keeping a classical repertory fresh and vital; and this particular play happens to present a problem of interpretation which has been treated in various ways but remains open enough to invite all the resource and energies of a producer coming to it for the first time.

Mr. Michael Benthall seems hardly interested in the problem. One reason why the old actor did not like the play was that the part of Richard, beginning on a

note of spirited tyranny, turns, somewhat inexplicably, into a dirge of self-pity. The contrast between the weakling on the throne and the efficient Bolingbroke who tumbles him off it was not considered sufficiently dramatic by Garrick, Kemble, Cooke and Irving, who would have nothing to do with the play. It was left to a dramatic critic, C. E. Montague of the *Manchester Guardian*, to point out at the end of the 'nineties that there was more in the character of Richard than had hitherto been supposed. What Shakespeare may have been trying to do was to present the type of the capable and faithful artist in the same skin as the incapable and faithless king, to show with one hand how kingdoms are lost and, with the other, how the creative imagination goes to work.

BUT the connections between the disastrous king and the man who stands back to contemplate with the relish of a disinterested artist the spectacle of his own ruin are by no means easy for an actor to seize unless he is helped at every point by his producer. There are other possible readings, and only the night before the Old Vic opening the Theatre Workshop had in East London presented Richard as a hectic psychopath. This was perhaps going too far, but at least the misinterpretation was strong-nerved and achieved a measure of self-consistency. Mr. Benthall's handling of the tragedy is nerveless, and its consistencies come about, as it were, by accident.

Mr. Benthall has in Mr. John Neville a young actor with a fine presence, a good ear for elegiac verse and natural acting intelligence. The actor is left very much to his own devices. He tries, I think, to link the flashy tyrant with the intuitive artist, to show the connection between the delicacy of an untrustworthy nature wholly unfitted to govern and the exquisite responsiveness of a mind stimulated by the shocks of misfortune to give an ardent welcome to any idea calling for perfect expression, even the idea of his own death. Mr. Neville tries as best he can for this reading of the part



HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford (Eric Porter), defies with arrogance the Divine Right of Kings

and is handicapped by some lack of warmth in his own temperament; but he might have come nearer to success if the producer had made up his mind what kind of hero the production was seeking to build up.

NO other performance rises above ordinary repertory level. Mr. Eric Porter, mistakenly, puts stress on the uneasiness of Bolingbroke's conscience. That unease comes to Henry IV. in a later play: in this play he is simply the strong man who knows how to bide his time and moves with terrible precision towards his predetermined end. Gaunt's death scene goes for nothing. Mr. Laurence Hardy is good as the bitter Northumberland, Miss Virginia McKenna as the clear-sighted, sad queen, and Mr. Robert Hardy makes the Bishop of Carlisle effective.



"LANDLORD OF ENGLAND ART THOU NOW, NOT KING": The Duke of York (Michael Bates) and Richard II. (John Neville) listen to the latter's scathing indictment by the aged John of Gaunt (Meredith Edwards) with Virginia McKenna as Queen Ann



A MEMORABLE JOAN OF ARC

SIOBHAN McKENNA, whose St. Joan was a major triumph at the Arts Theatre Club last October, will be seen in the same part when Henry Sherek presents the play for a limited season at the St. Martin's Theatre on Tuesday next. Miss McKenna, who comes from Ireland, is the daughter of a professor of mathematical physics, and is married to actor Dennis O'Dea. She was at one time leading juvenile at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and first became widely known by a succession of finely-acted parts in British films soon after the war

Houston Rogers

London Limelight

Mlle. Thérèse marches on

"**T**HÉRÈSE RAQUIN," Zola's popular horror-comic of last century, is to reappear in yet another version, this time called *The Lovers*. Mr. Sam Wanamaker will play the murderer and Miss Eva Bartok his inamorata, which should suit both their styles. There will be very strong support from Helen Haye as the paralysed witness of the crime, from Kynaston Reaves, Esmé Percy and Constance Wake.

The last version in England was called *Guilty* (1944) and its predecessor *Thou Shalt Not*— (1938). As plain *Thérèse Raquin*, I saw it performed in Whitechapel in 1922, with Ernest Milton, wearing a red wig, as the murderer. His death-scene was the most terrifying moment I recall on any stage, for he had clearly studied the effects of prussic acid on the human system and

reproduced them with relentless accuracy. The audience, almost 100 per cent. local, was equally terrifying in its uninhibited delight at the display.

Mr. Wanamaker is himself a zealot for detail, but I hope he lets us off more lightly.

THE inclusion of the eminent American actress Katherine Hepburn in the Old Vic's Australian touring company gives me a feeling that somehow or other we are not playing quite a straight bat. It is as if we included Hugh Tayfield, the South African, in our Test team, which might brighten the games for spectators but is a trifle unsporting. Let us therefore hope, rather unctuously in the circumstances, that

the great and ravishing Miss Hepburn will improve the gate and allow the Company to bring home a large share of the profits. For the Vic at the moment is in the doldrums, a victim of ignoring the adage that the best committees in this world have only one member. Every successful theatrical combine is a dictatorship, and the influence of a horde of worthy councillors can only make for the kind of mediocrity we are now experiencing in the Waterloo Road.

MR. DENIS CANNAN, who wrote *Captain Carvallo*, has a new work entitled *Misery Me!* which is due in London next month. Like more than one sound craftsman, Emlyn Williams for example, this author has practical experience of the stage as an actor, and plays by such men, whatever their defects, have one absolute quality—they never contain a single unactable or perfunctory role.

Cannan, now a West End actor of standing, learned his trade in the tougher schools of Rep. and touring productions: his sympathy and understanding is not confined to the star parts. In his new comedy the leads will be taken by Yvonne Mitchell, herself an excellent playwright, and George Cole, whose work has often been associated with Alastair Sim, the producer in this instance.



Eva Bartok and Sam Wanamaker
in Zola-Esque vein

—Youngman Carter

At the Pictures

This needed courage

Elspeth Grant*

MY knowledge of Swahili is nil, but coming upon the film title *Simba*, I knew intuitively that this meant "lion"; I also knew intuitively that the picture would be about a rich, brash couple on safari—pursuing big game under the reluctant guidance of a stern, sinewy white hunter who, when not snarling at them, would be forever saving them from the consequences of their own ignorance and folly.

Intuition, even a woman's, can only be trusted half-way: "simba" does mean lion, but this magnificent, intelligent and intensely moving film has nothing to do with anything so tame as wild animals.

IT deals with human ferocity, as you will realise even before the credit titles are over—for the introductory scene, designed to set the tone, is this: an African native cycling blithely along a Kenya road notices something lying in a field hard by. He dismounts and goes to see what it is: it is a wounded white man. Drawing his panga, the black man finishes off the white—then, remounting his bicycle, goes on his merry way as if nothing had happened. If your hair does not rise straight up on end at this indication of what Mau Mau means, you must have stronger nerves than I.

The problem of Mau Mau is grave, immense and immediate, and to tackle it must have taken the courage of a whole pride of *simbas*. Mr. John Baines, who wrote the screenplay, and Mr. Brian Desmond Hurst, who directed the film, have, in addition to courage, honesty and discretion: they present the problem most dramatically but with scrupulous fairness, and they refrain from the impertinence of offering some simple solution.

DIRK BOGARDE, newly-arrived in Kenya to find his brother has been murdered by Mau Mau, conceives a hatred for all Africans; it revolts him that Miss Virginia McKenna, his fiancée, works for the local African doctor, Karanja—beautifully played by Mr. Earl Cameron.

She is grieved by Mr. Bogarde's attitude, for she believes that peace can only be achieved through sympathy and co-operation between the African and the European—and she is so dedicated to this belief that she clings to it even after her own parents have been slaughtered.

Mr. Donald Sinden, police inspector of the district, who trusts no African, suspects Karanja of being a Mau Mau leader; the film's heroic ending proves his suspicion to be utterly unjustified.

The action throughout is swift, the situations gripping, the glimpses of Mau Mau



RESCUE ON THE STORM-WASHED DECK, a dramatic scene which occurs in the new J. Arthur Rank film, *Passage Home*, which will shortly have its premiere. The picture, from the novel by Richard Armstrong, stars Diane Cilento, a young Australian actress who has only made one previous appearance in a British film, *Peter Finch* and *Anthony Steele*. It was produced at Pinewood by Julian Wintle. This brilliant impression of one of its scenes, showing Miss Cilento in mortal danger, was painted on the spot by Francis Russell Flint, R.I.O.

initiation rites horrifying in the extreme—but I think the scene that impressed me most was a very quiet one in the home of Miss McKenna's parents, Miss Marie Ney, who gives a superb performance, and Mr. Basil Sydney: it conveys with unbearable poignancy the agony of living behind barred windows and locked doors in perpetual and mortal fear.

JUST after the Press showing of *The Man Who Loved Redheads*, Mr. Terence Rattigan's screen version of his play, *Who is Sylvia?*, I ran into the author, who greeted me with "Hello, darling—you look very happy." To explain this unusual circumstance, I said: "I enjoyed the film enormously." "So did I," said Mr. Rattigan heartily. And I think you will, too.

Wittily directed by Mr. Harold French, it is light and delicious and polished and sly—and as pretty as a picture can be, with Eastman Colour to burnish the copper locks of the delectable Miss Moira Shearer.



Roland Culver, who superlatively portrays the ageing philanderer in *The Man Who Loved Redheads*, with Joan Benham (left) and Moyra Fraser

It tells the story of a Viscount who, as a little boy, fell madly in love with a blue-eyed, red-headed girl of sixteen. Nothing came of it, of course, and the boy grew up to marry a suitable blonde and enter "the Diplomatic"—and, incidentally, to change from Master Jeremy Spencer into Mr. John Justin.

He is happily married and has a son on whom he dotes, but he is haunted by the memory of his boyhood love. Whenever he sees that "special" face, or a reasonable facsimile, he is bound to fall for it—which leads to his embarking, with the connivance of an obliging friend (delightful Mr. Roland Culver), upon a double life. Thirty-seven years later, still gamely abetted by the now bronchial Mr. Culver, Mr. Justin is still at it—but at this juncture his wife, who has known of his peccadilloes all along and feels he is a little beyond such things, puts an end to the game.

MISS MOIRA SHEARER, who plays all Mr. Justin's favourite redheads, has blossomed out into an accomplished and resourceful actress with a sparkling sense of humour.

There are charming performances from Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Denholm Elliott as Mr. Justin's discreet wife and son, Mr. Harry Andrews—his butler, Miss Moyra Fraser—a floozie of World War I., Miss Patricia Cutts—a Bright Young Thing, and Miss Joan Benham—the dumb-belle of *haute couture*. Mr. Rattigan and I will be a little hurt if you do not share our enthusiasm for the piece.

*Deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.

Television

NO QUALMS

Freda Bruce Lockhart

INSTEAD of lamenting failure to follow up success, it is a pleasure to look forward to renewing acquaintance with some proven TV talents.

No doubt that Peter Ustinov was one of the TV hits of last year, whether for his brave shot at *Peer Gynt* or in his confidently brilliant conversation-piece on returning from America. To-morrow we are invited to visit him with Peter Jones for some more after-dinner talk. Mr. Jones, was, of course, his partner in a wickedly funny radio series "In All Directions."

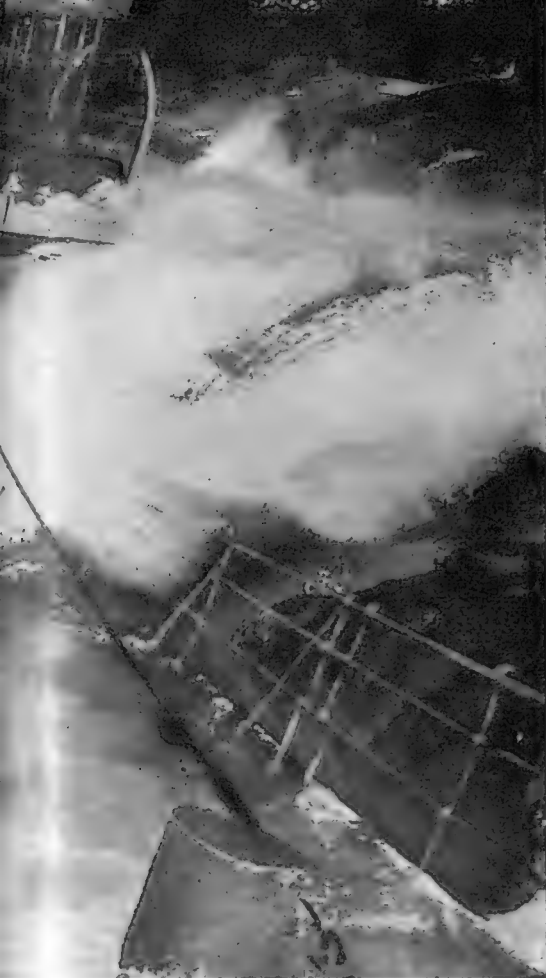
After a brave but unlucky start in "This is Show Business," Diana Wynyard has taken the place among TV leading ladies her grace and

beauty deserve. On Tuesday she should have and give fun in *Lady Charing is Cross*, one of the posthumous Gordon Daviot one-act plays. The first of these finds, *Sweet Coz*, made a very comfortable light vehicle for Jane Baxter recently.



Richard Dimbleby, at home or abroad, is one of the bastions of TV. On Friday he will be back in "London Town" conducting a tour of more than local interest: the City, its ruins and reconstruction.

A MORE recent precedent was the delicately exotic success of *The Peach Garden*, Christian Simpson's production of charming chinoiserie by the poet James Kirkup. Simpson is hoping to repeat the effect with *Two Pigeons Flying High*, again by Kirkup, and again starring the lovely Chinese actress Lin Shin-Yang. Story and setting are inspired by the traditional "Willow Pattern" china.



The gramophone

ALL TAKE A BOW

Robert Tredinnick

IT is fantastic that we have had to wait six months for a Long Play of *Salad Days* and very nearly as long for even a *morceau* of Julian Slade's delightful music on records, but such is the case.

Had this show been a Porter, Kern or Berlin, it would have been given the gramophone works in practically every known position almost before it opened.

But this delightful piece, the work of brilliant Dorothy Reynolds and entirely competent Julian Slade, is British, and even after it received a "wow" of a Press no one bothered about the music, though it was eventually published.

The possibility of such a state of affairs in the world of entertainment is pretty shattering. That it exists is appalling!

IT is to the lasting credit and vision of Oriole Records, Ltd., that a L.P. of the original cast of *Salad Days* is now available. Furthermore, it is not just a hotchpotch of the tunes, beaten out at a speed quite out of tempo with the score.

Here you will find an intelligently scripted forty minutes, well acted, well sung, with Eleanor Drew, John Warner, James Cairncross, Michael Meacham and, indeed, the entire cast showing in no uncertain manner the value of team work.

This recording marks a step forward in this country in both technique and general presentation.

Everyone concerned can take a bow. And it is doubtless because the spirit to make a good recording is so obviously there, that the finished article is as excellent as it is.

The many who have already seen the show will revel in it, and those who hear the record "cold" will at once want to see the show. This record will be a top-seller; it deserves to be! (Oriole M.G. 20004.)



VIRGINIA McKENNA, who made a great success in *The Cruel Sea*, again wins plaudits with her performance in *Simba*, reviewed opposite. She has the unusual distinction of being seen simultaneously in this film and as the pathetic young Queen Anne in *Richard II.* at the Old Vic

EARL OF ROSEBERY'S HEIR AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

OVER 500 guests attended the wedding between Lord Primrose, only son of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, and Miss Deirdre Reid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reid. The reception was held at the Hyde Park Hotel. Jennifer describes the event on p. 181-2.



Miss Margaret Reid and Miss Frances Reid, who are sisters of the bride, and Lady Jane Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk



H.R.H. The Princess Royal, who was accompanied by the Earl and Countess of Harewood, was a guest at the wedding and is seen here with the Duke of Norfolk



Three guests were Dr. S. Probert, who was having a word with two other guests, Miss Judith Hall and Mrs. James Hall



Mary, Duchess of Roxburghe, and the Baroness de Waldner were talking to the Countess of Rosebery



Mr. and Mrs. Reid, parents of the bride, were standing in the Crepping Hall, Westminster

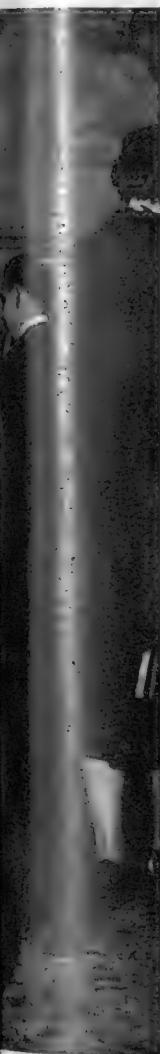


Mr. G. Reid has a word with his grandson, Lord Primrose, at the reception. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. A. J. Wilson and the Rev. A. J. Wilson and the Rev. A. J. Wilson

MARRIED INSTER



Donald Reid, the
de, who live at
hes Colne, Essex



David Reid, at the
Bishop of Dover,
Rev. Colin Wood



Lord and Lady Primrose waiting for the guests to arrive. Lady Primrose wore a family lace veil and tiara, both belonging to the bridegroom's family, made from a design of primroses set in diamonds

Desmond O'Neill

Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

EXCLUDING fish and insects, the animals in the London Zoo are at present valued, we note from the official annual report, at about £83,500. And one naturally asks oneself—does one not?—how the Fellows of the Zoological Society would rate for valuation if their dumb chums took a tip from Orwell's *Animal Farm* and suddenly seized control.

One feels they would be prized and valued highly, enjoying all the amenities of club-life, under proper supervision, in the original Zoo block by Decimus Burton, who also, oddly enough, designed the Athenæum Club. The same dignified decorum would reign in both establishments, polite exchanges about the weather forming the staple conversation. No doubt a murmur of "Fine day" or "Looks rather like rain" would frequently start something, the Fellows being, as everybody knows, somewhat restless types in an enclosed space. Faces would swell and turn purple. Voices would rise. Eyes would glare. At the first sign of trouble, we think, O.C. Amenities (probably the Wart Hog) would order the boys to be driven out into a big open-air cage, with the double object of affording pleasure to holders of pink ringside tickets and enabling the uproar to cow and terrify the residents of Hanover and Cumberland Terraces even more than it does now. Why, Wilbraham, does the teacup rattle on its saucer in your palsied hand? Hark, Emily! It is not the tigers breaking loose this time.

Motley

CLOWNS so often infuriate the booksy boys and girls by breaking their hearts for the wrong reason that the case of a leading British circus-clown whose heart was nearly shattered by H.M. Commissioners of Inland Revenue (*vide Press*) over a period of years—he is now, happily, out of danger—seems to us one more stab at the racket.

Pondering the routine literary line about clowns with hearts broken by women (Laugh, old beastly public, laugh), a good explanation occurred to us a little time ago at the Cirque d'Hiver, Paris. At some time a booksy circus-fan—maybe one of the Goncourts—must have asked a clown sobbing behind the scenes what the trouble was. Being possibly a trifle stinko, he thought the clown said "Columbine." What the clown actually said, most likely, was "Columbians," or 15 per cent. Columbian United Gasworks "A," at that moment down another ten points and heading rapidly

drainwards. Hence *Pagliacci* and the other tear-jerkers.

Afterthought

YOU ask why this idea should occur at the Cirque d'Hiver. We had just been introduced to those eminent clowns the Fratellini, and it seemed to us that nothing could break those genial boys' hearts but a tough morning on the Bourse (compare Mistinguett playing Phèdre in a real-estate slump). And anyway the tragedy is moving. As you roar with joy at the antics in the ring, reflect that somewhere in the big cruel city a much-loved little packet of rubber-shares may be slowly dying. . . . (Gulp.)

Ally

SOME time ago we sang you a song about knees called *Rich Women's Knees*. Finding the Maestro Dior standing unexpectedly foursquare with us on this issue, to our pleased astonishment ("Women's knees are the ugliest thing in feminine anatomy," he told the American Women's Club in Paris the other day—say, Momma!), may we sing you the opening lines of this sterling composition just once again? No? Really?

"Rich women's knees
Are sweet curiosities,
Their anfractuosités
Dazzle and please"—
Thus in the valley
The shepherd-boy's song,
And naturally
The lad was wrong . . .

After rapping the youthful hayseed gently for his absurd illusions—due rather to rustic innocence, folklore, and superstition than to any inherent vice—we come (as you remember with ravishment) to the climax:

The knobliest trees
Are more delightful;
Rich women's knees
Are simply frightful.

Endorsing this fully, M. Dior says the mems' knees should be "always invisible." Here we politely part company with the master. We think they could be merged attractively into the ensemble by interior-decorators, in the Elizabethan fashion.

Meditation

THERE is a wellknown precedent in Webster's tragedy, *The Duchess of Malfi*. After the famous cry "Cover her face! Mine eyes dazell; she dyed young," the Duke goes on sadly:



"I particularly like the way you handle your bishops"

Her Knees were bumpie, but with carefull Arte
Each Knobb, fresh gilt by an Artificer,
Did catche the morning Sunne with glorie, as
Shee wambled to and froe. Each daintie Knee
Did thus offsett her Panin, and Gentlemen
Admir'd all three: which is not customarie.

Why hide when you can embellish? Maestro, a word in your ear.

Iron

HE never wastes a bit of energy, never raises an eyebrow unnecessarily while he is playing," whispered an awed official at the Hastings International Chess Congress to one of the Press boys watching the relentless Soviet champion, Smyslov. One gathers that a laughing blonde on each knee would have made no difference to the master, or hardly any.

For some reason, our spies report, the latest method approved by the B.B.C.C. for breaking down the resistance of visiting iron men was not put into operation at Hastings. The case of Chokemov, who lost to Smiggle last year, shows its value. After 1½ hours' play Chokemov twitched his left eyebrow, spat twice, very deliberately, on the board, re-settled a fair head on each shoulder, remarked to Smiggle; "Little ugly uncle, Lof is better," and devoted the remaining hour to "Babs" and "Woogie" of the Strangers' Hospitality Bureau; Smiggle's ejaculations meanwhile, as he busily moved the pieces here and there, being in the best condolence-traditions of British sport. ("Oh, I say!"—"Look here, I mean."—"Beastly of me to take this advantage, old boy" etc., etc.). Six weeks later, in the Condemned Wing of the Lubianka, Chokemov must have brooded longingly over the scene, and wept.

BRIGGS



—by Graham

CANADIAN ARTISTS' SHOW IN PICCADILLY

EARL ALEXANDER OF TUNIS, and the Countess opened an exhibition of paintings by Canadian artists at Fortnum and Mason in Piccadilly, held with the kind co-operation of Mr. Garfield Weston



Miss W. Weston and Miss B. Weston were admiring a winter scene by artist A. J. Casson



Above: Mrs. How-Rigney talking to Mrs. and Mr. William Thomson. They were standing in front of Mr. Thomson's picture entitled "Interior, Fulham"

Above: Mr. N. Robertson, High Commissioner for Canada, Mrs. J. S. P. Armstrong, her husband, Agent-General for Ontario, and Mrs. Robertson

Right: Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, formerly Governor-General of Canada, arriving at the exhibition with the Countess Alexander



Right: Lady Patricia Ramsay, daughter of the late Duke of Connaught and wife of Admiral the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, was here with Miss V. Black





Mr. David Kenyon and Miss Nancy Mylius (left), Mr. Colin Patrick and Miss Mary Gordon-Spencer, Miss Catherine Lawson and Mr. Peter Dew were forgetful of the rigours of the storm outside during a Scottish reel

At The Races

JUMPERS FROM THE FLAT

IT is said that the next notable recruit from the flat to the jumping business is to be Alpenhorn, who was at one time discussed in connection with last year's Derby. He has been already schooled over hurdles, presumably the new kind, which they call "baby fences," whatever that may be supposed to mean!

There is no reason, as we know, why a flat-race horse should not be transformed into a jumper, for there are plenty of examples, amongst them Christmas Daisy, a dual winner of the Cambridgeshire, who carried the late Captain Frank Forester over the obstacles in the Quorn country very brilliantly, and the many flat-race horses Lord Lonsdale used to ride during both his Quorn and Cottesmore Masterships.

But, and it is a most important but, there is everything in the way in which any horse is introduced to the jumping game, bearing in mind that animal's very retentive memory.

Let him get it into his head that he can blunder through the obstacle in front of him, and he will try it on with everything he meets, with sometimes disastrous consequences to himself and the confiding artist on his back; but let him be taught from the very outset that, if he hits things, he is going to get a rap on the shins which hurts, and he is far more likely to mind himself and go over the top instead of through.

WE have only to look at the way in which some so-called "jumpers" treat the hurdles. They make no effort at all, knowing that they can knock them down. There used to be a school of thought which believed that the only way to make a good timber jumper was to give him a real bustle-over-hairpins fall at some rails that would not break. It answered, no doubt, in some cases, but in some others it ruined

the pupil's nerves and made him jump-shy for life. There is a happy medium in all things, and particularly where these kindergarten lessons are concerned. Plenty of copy-book platitudes are repeated about this, but the core of the whole matter is that it is cruel kindness to abolish swiping. Look what it has led to: three in a cell in all our prisons and an increasing supply of young dacoits. Therefore, let us bring up the jumper in the way he has to go, for if we do not he may cost us a lot in doctors' bills and a good deal of personal discomfort.

OBVIOUSLY the first thing to teach him is not to wade through any obstacle, no matter what its size. Hitting even a wattle hurdle not only takes the steam off and causes a loss of pace, but can bring about a lot more trouble. It is quite easy to teach a horse not to "dwell," but not so easy to cure him of taking a liberty once he has got it into his head that he can do so with impunity. A lot of horses seem to have conceived that silly idea. The only possible way in which to cure them is to school them over things which will really hurt when hit.

A fall is often a very fine corrective, provided it does not frighten. This applies just as much to men as it does to horses. Anybody with weak nerves who gets a really bad buster can convey his feelings to the horse he rides, whether he intends to or not. So once again let us say "fall with discretion."



PORTMAN'S GUESTS WERE UNDETERRED BY BLIZZARD

DESPITE some of the severest weather of the winter, a company of no fewer than 350 gathered for the Portman Hunt Ball at Bryanston School, Dorset, and enjoyed a delightful evening



Sir Peter Farquhar, Bt., joint-Master of the Portman, was watching the dancers with Lady Farquhar



Mrs. E. H. Warley made a charming picture at the foot of the staircase, while in conversation with her husband



Mr. Rauri Cochrane-Dyet, a guest from Scotland, and Miss Jane Seymour were just going to supper



W/Cdr. Tony Staveley with Mrs. Peel and Major Peel, who is Master of the neighbouring South Dorset Hunt



Mr. John Woodhouse, Col. Douglas Darling, Miss Selina Baker, ball secretary, and Capt. E. V. Farquhar

Victor Yorke

PRINCESS ANNE, wife of ex-King Michael of Rumania, reading to her three daughters, Princesses Irina, Margaret and Helena, in their home, Ayot House, in Hertfordshire, where the ex-King and his wife have become very successful market gardeners



Book
Reviews
by
Elizabeth
Bowen

LEGACY OF SCORPIONS

IN Storm Jameson's novel *THE HIDDEN RIVER* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), we have a grim drama in a beautiful setting—a small ancient *manoir* which, amongst vineyards, mirrors the light from the Loire. Here, at the time when the story opens, dwells Jean Monnerie, who, having fought for France up to 1940, then played a dangerous part in the Resistance, has come home to resume the ancestral way of life. With him are his *fiancée* Elizabeth, his younger brother François, and the implacable, ageing but beautiful Mme. Regnier, a cousin, who has kept house here since the Monneries' mother died.

Crisis is in the air from the first page. Two arrivals are expected—one welcome, one not.

ADAM Hartley, an Englishman who had been working with the Resistance, is to be the guest of his friend Jean. Daniel Monnerie, Jean's uncle, released from prison a dying man, is to return, to end his days under the family roof: he had been found guilty of renewing a friendship, from former days, with a German general during the Occupation. Marie Regnier, whose son Robert, also a key man in the Resistance, had been betrayed and tortured to death, says she will leave the house if old Daniel comes.

For Adam Hartley, it is the first visit to his beloved France since the war ended. He reacts, keenly, to all that is smiling and civilised—all he finds lacking in his

bleak Yorkshire home. But beneath the surface he senses tension, suspicion—and, over the Monneries there continues to hang a tormenting question: who *had* betrayed Robert Regnier?

HIS arrival coinciding with the disgraced Uncle Daniel's return makes things by no means easier for Adam. Nor does the fact that, at first sight, he falls headlong in love with Elizabeth. A flash of memory, on Adam's part, leads on to an appalling discovery: from then on, action follows a ruthless course. Jean kills—as he sees it, executes—the beloved traitor; then confesses his deed to his English friend:

His eyelids flickered. "You're horrified," he said coldly.

"No."

"Your face gives you away."

Adam shook his head. "I'm sorry."

Jean was silent, then spoke with an oddly impersonal bitterness. "You're lucky in England—that you're not riddled with hatreds. You weren't occupied. Wait till you've been faced by treachery in your own family. When you are—I don't say *if*—when you are, you'll find yourself

doing a great many things you may now find impossible and horrible." He smiled. "You may begin to wonder whether you are, after all, God's dear English..."

THE HIDDEN RIVER is, as it may be guessed, a challenging novel. The situation in it is presented from two viewpoints, Adam's and Jean's alternately. One may, with deference, wonder whether it might not have been better to have left Jean to be seen from the outside. To write about French characters is, inevitably, to challenge comparison with the French novelists—there are scenes in this English novel, from time to time (such as the

fearful nocturnal interview between Mme. Regnier and Daniel), which seem to require the pen of Mauriac. One has too, perhaps, a feeling of diffidence as to probing the internal torments through which France has gone.

However, *The Hidden River* is written not only beautifully but with profound respect for the men and women whom it portrays. The lovely, ironical calm of the Loire setting is rendered as it deserves. Memorable, too, is the girl Elizabeth.

★ ★ ★
THE BIRDS' NEST (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.) is a tale of split personality, handled by one of the most brilliant, and possibly also most disconcerting, of America's younger novelists, Shirley Jackson.

Elizabeth, Beth, Betsy and Bess, They all went together to find a bird's nest—



"Or perhaps you'd prefer the pocket edition?"

—says the old rhyme. And such, after sessions, became the nomenclature given by the distracted doctor, Victor Wright, to the variants within one same young lady, Miss Elizabeth Richmond.

Elizabeth, mousey, lives with an aunt and holds down a somewhat dim job in the local museum. She drinks evening cocoa (to the contempt of her more convivial relative), asks little of life, and suffers from headaches. When she becomes (it appears) a nocturnal prowler, shouts obscenities during an evening with blameless neighbours, and remembers nothing at all next day, Aunt Morgen is forced to begin to think: she turns her problem niece over to an expert.

DR. WRIGHT is *not* an analyst—as readers glutted by psycho-analytical case-novels may be glad to know. He does, however, have resort to hypnosis; when Beth, a somewhat cloyingly sweet girl, Betsy, a devil if ever there was one, and Bess, an on-the-make little vulgarian, emerge. Poor Elizabeth's increasingly rare appearances are marked either by scared apologies or by respectable sniffing tears. Half-way through the treatment—and can one wonder?—Dr. Wright all but has a nervous breakdown.

This novel may not appeal to all, but should stand out for those who *do* enjoy it (among whom your reviewer has been one) as something absolutely distinctive. It is a blend of comedy and nightmare. Doughty Aunt Morgen, agitated Dr. Wright and touching, would-be correct Elizabeth are on the grand scale. *The Birds' Nest* (which, incidentally, concerns itself with the mystery of Elizabeth's mother's death) is the peak, so far, of Miss Jackson's achievement.

★ ★ ★

WE ARE UTOPIA, by Stefan Andres (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), is short, but deeply moving. As to the author's nationality—that is, whether he is German or Swiss—I am not clear: this is, we learn, the first of his works to have been translated into English. Zürich's leading newspaper places *We Are Utopia* as "among the most shattering of modern literature." Sometimes I wonder whether a book about which such a notice is quoted is well served—my friend Graham Greene's more moderate tribute, "I have read it with great admiration," cuts more ice with me.

This story, certainly, has a theme which could have made it a Graham Greene novel—"sin, guilt, and man's helplessness in the face of his own passions and the relentless pressures of the world." (I quote the wrapper.) The time is the Spanish Civil War; the scene, a Carmelite monastery set in a burning plain, to which a lorry-load of prisoners has been brought. The captors are "Reds," the captives are Franco's men. The monastery, prior to their arrival, has been cleared by a massacre of the monks. Among the prisoners is one, Paco, nominally a sailor involved in the war, actually (as it transpires) an excommunicated priest—and more, once a member of this Order and very house. Paco has the experience of being flung into what had been, years ago, his own cell.

PACO is to learn from Lt. Pedro, the revolutionary, of the deaths of the two Carmelites he remembers best, and whose religious philosophies had, in their different ways, most profoundly influenced his own thought—yes, and have remained with him though he lost his faith. Father Damiano it had been who spoke the parting words before the then Father Consalves (to become Paco) had put on secular clothes and

[Continued on page 220]



Baron

FELIKS TOPOLSKI is seen in his studio—one of the arches under Hungerford Bridge—working on paintings from sketches he made in the East during a journey round the world two years ago. As publisher of "*Topolski's Chronicle*," which depicts current happenings as drawn by himself, he has now on exhibition in his studio copies of the original broadsheets (to some of which Hogarth contributed) which inspired his own venture



The blouse of soft periwinkle blue chiffon, is pleated all round. It has a tiny collar that ends in a bow. Price £6.17.6



The hat, a long-haired blue felt with a black fleck in it, is trimmed with a plain gros-grain ribbon. In other colours too, it costs 2 gns.

RANKING, LIGHTLY, WITH THE CLASSICS

HERE is a spring-time suit that is completely feminine. Softly tailored in pale, pastel-blue knopp tweed, and cut with rounded shoulders and bat wing sleeves, it has a straight narrow skirt, and a jacket which does not button, but crosses over and is held in place by a narrow belt. This suit comes from Hershelle's spring collection and is on sale at Harrods Budget Shop. It costs 11½ gns. which we think is an excellent price for a suit with such a model air

A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Here is the suit described
opposite. We show it worn
with long French gloves,
a wide brimmed felt hat
and a silk chiffon blouse—
all coming from Harrods



by Mariel Deans

Armstrong Jones



Some new styles for this year's ingénue



JANE DOWNS, who is appearing in *Both Ends Meet*, by Arthur Macrae, at the Apollo Theatre, has posed for The TATLER wearing clothes which are youthful, but at the same time extremely elegant, and which have been chosen from the spring collections of four London wholesale houses. The Dorville dress costs just over 20 guineas—everything else well under this price

On November 17 we showed Dior's "Edimbourg" amongst other wool dresses photographed in Paris. Here is a copy by Rembrandt made of oatmeal tweed. Jenners of Edinburgh will be stocking it

(Below): Dorville's fudge-coloured fine wool dress with its new dropped waist-line is graceful and comfortable—definitely one you could be happy to live in all day long. (Left): Here is a close-up of the little straw and velvet bonnet by René Pavy that Miss Downs wears with the same dress

Now we have the gentle look



Here is the unstressed line

A ballet-length dress in powder blue organdie with a raised black pattern and a wide, beautiful neckline outlined in stiffened black velvet. This dress, by Lady in Black, is sold by Harvey Nichols



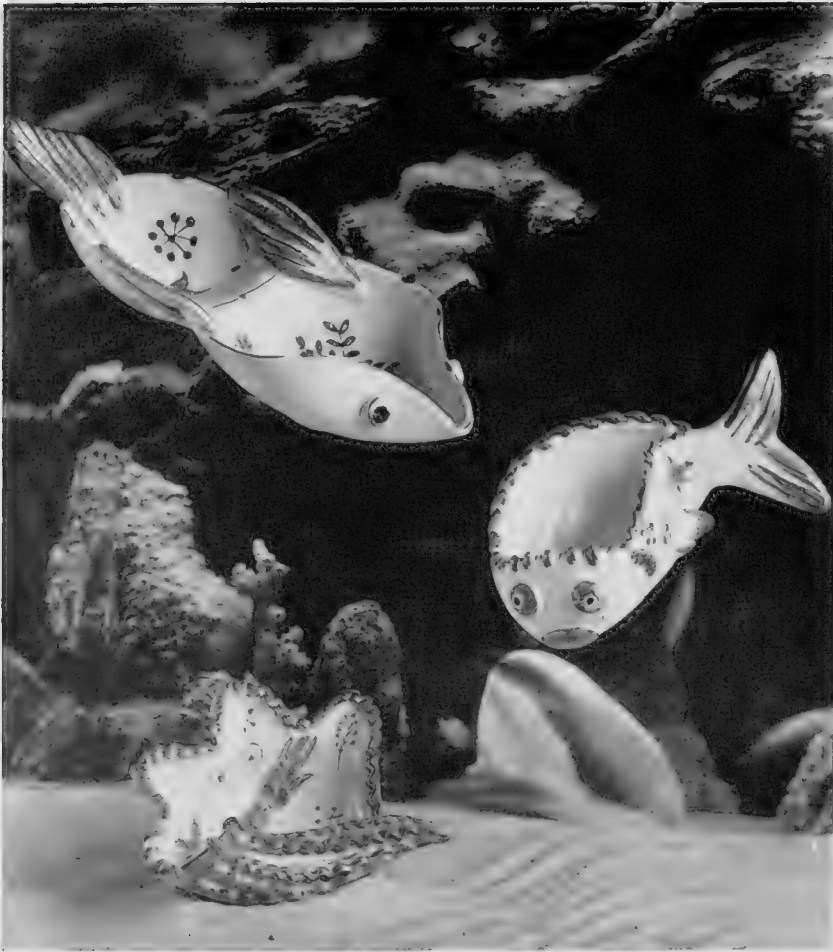
FOR the young girl, as well as for the older woman, the "gentle look" and "unstressed line" has become this season's fashion watch-word. These clothes are all suitable for someone who has to make "Both Ends Meet," whilst still looking like a million dollars

*Ballet length
and beautiful*

Crayson's pale, strawberry pink wool coat, straight, slim, soft as a peach skin, is stocked by Fenwicks of Bond Street. Another view of the coat shows how it fastens with tiny, flat gilt buttons and the little stand-up collar ties in a casual bow. The brown satin cap that Miss Downs wears is a Rose Valois model from René Pavy

With a warm elegance





Above: Hors D'Oeuvre "Fish" pottery dishes, 12s. 6d. and 15s. "Shell" dish 10s. 6d. Obtainable from Woollands

Below: Spring flowers look charming in this little "Rabbit" vase. In two shapes, round 8s. 3d., long 9s. From Selfridges



Two realistic "Giraffe" models, beautifully fashioned on graceful lines. Price 9½ gns. each from Woollands

Menagerie in glass, aquarium in pottery

A SELECTION of original design in pottery and glass. Extremely decorative, these have the added interest of being out of the ordinary and should appeal to all who are on the look-out for something unusual

—JEAN CLELANI

Bird dish for sweets and nuts. It can also be used as an ash-tray. Woollands, 35s.





An unusual group of cleverly designed ornaments in amber glass. Snail (to hold a candle) 25s., rabbit 17s., cat 29s. 6d., dachshund (in green glass) 29s. 6d. from Woollands

Shopping List

Facial for the windscreen

DRIVING through the slush, fog, sleet and snow—as most of us have been doing just lately—is a miserable business. When, on top of this, the windows of the car get misty and murky, it becomes positively nerve-racking. What one needs at such times is something handy with which to give a quick clean up.

Strolling through the shops with this in mind, I suddenly came across the very thing to brighten the wintry outlook of motorists.

"Motor pack"—a sponge and leather in envelope. Woollands

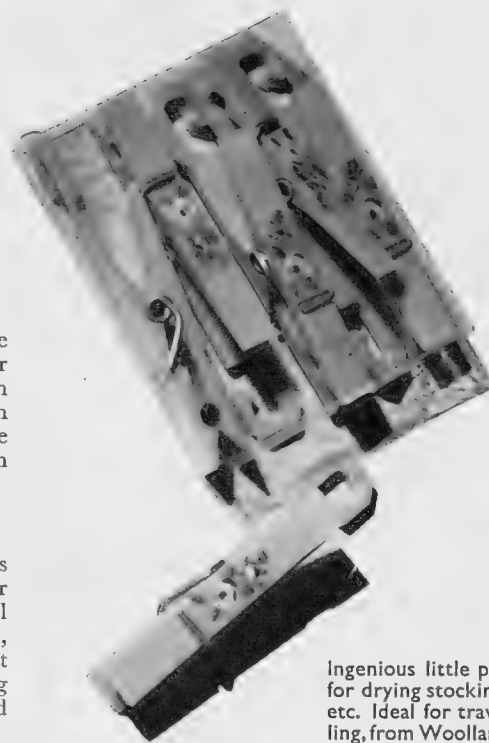
This is a "Motor pack," consisting of a sponge and a leather, put up in a plastic case or envelope. Both the sponge and the leather can be damped, and the envelope keeps them moist. The price of this convenient little affair is only 13s. 6d., and it can be had from Woollands.

★ ★ ★

IN Woollands, too, I saw the most ingenious little pegs for drying the odd stockings or undies. Decorative to look at, these fulfil the job of clipping and hanging efficiently and, put up in a neat little transparent pack, cost 2s. 11d. for six. They are ideal for taking away, since they slip easily into a case, and take up very little room.

★ ★ ★

WHERE I asked to state one of my "hates," lukewarm food would come very close to the top of the list. Those who share this dislike will be pleased to hear of a new G.E.C. hot plate. It is made with handles, so that it can be easily lifted, and seems to solve the problem of keeping food piping hot. An indicator light at one end clearly shows when the plate is on circuit. Ideal for breakfast dishes, this is equally useful for hot dishes at a party, and for £7 10s. saves a deal of fuss and worry. It can be had from Selfridges.



Ingenious little pegs for drying stockings, etc. Ideal for travelling, from Woollands



A NICE cup of tea is something we often want in a hurry. If *only* the kettle would boil. Impatience can be overcome by using a G.E.C. Super-speed kettle which boils three pints of water in under five minutes. Moreover, if you are called away to the phone, and, in the course of a long chatty conversation forget all about it, this kettle cannot be damaged if it boils dry, because it has a safety device which ensures against this contingency. There's service for you, and all for £3. From Harrods.

Beauty

A new kind
of massage

Jean Cleland

LAST week I talked about the different kinds of treatments available at various well-known beauty salons, and have now selected some which I think would be of special interest to readers of *The TATLER*.

First on my list is the "Dry Massage" done by Lancôme, which, now being given in their recently opened Grosvenor Street salon by three Paris-trained Lancôme specialists, is the same as that used in the Fauborg St. Honore salon in Paris.

This particular form of massage—which differs from the more usual type in that it is done without creams—was given to the House of Lancôme by Doctor Durey, famous skin specialist of the St. Louis Hospital in Paris, who, since 1902, has been studying and experimenting with massage all over the world. In his opinion, Dry Massage is of outstanding value. It is specially beneficial to the older woman whose facial muscles tend to become slack, and are in need of scientific treatment to brace and firm them up again.

WHY Dry Massage? This is a question which many people ask, and the answer—as given by Lancôme—can be divided into sections. One, it gives the maximum of precision between the hands and the area being massaged. Two, it speeds up the eliminative process of the skin—a process which is greatly diminished with age—and deposits fresh oxygen. Three, it accelerates lazy circulation, dislodges deep-seated sebum, and in so doing refines the texture of the skin.

First step in the Dry Massage treatment is a thorough analysis of the skin, which is examined through a strong magnifying glass, and diagnosed accordingly. The Massage is then adapted according to type and individual needs.

This having been settled, the treatment proper

begins. Make-up is removed with special milk, followed by deep cleansing with a preparation called "Fraicheur," which is the answer to what Lancôme calls the "soap question." Used, *not* dry, but with plenty of water, "Fraicheur" takes the place of soap, and leaves the face not only spotlessly clean, but soft and supple.

CLEANSING completed, the face is rinsed and dried with tissues, after which pads of cotton-wool soaked in "Tonic Blue" remove all surplus grease. "Tonic Blue" is composed of distilled flower waters—elderflower, scabious, rose, meliflor, etc.—and is specially good for florid skins, broken veins, or complexions that are dry and sensitive. In cases where a skin is blemished with little spots, anti-acne lotion is used in place of "Tonic Blue."



A client being made up after the Dry Massage treatment which is now being given by three Paris-trained Lancôme specialists in their Grosvenor Street salon. It is done without creams

For the actual Dry Massage (which consists of twenty-three different movements) the client lies flat and completely relaxed to get the full benefit of the treatment, which, in addition to stimulating and exercising the muscles, soothes the nerves.

Massage starts on the neck, and concentrates on the muscles under the chin. Next follows the cheeks, where stress is laid on a special movement for "picking up" the muscles along the jaw bones, and on the cheeks themselves. It may surprise many people to know that there are six different muscles between the bridge and the tip of the nose. These are handled with a rotary movement that is wonderfully effective for "shaping" a nose that is too fleshy, and for helping to firm it.

Particular care is taken of the *obicularis oculi*, which is the major muscle round the eye. If there is any slackness and puffiness in this area, it is effectively firmed and reduced with movements specially designed for the purpose. Last movements are done on the forehead with the flat of the hand, in a way that releases tension, and is very soothing.

THE client now sits up for a delightfully refreshing part of the treatment, which is done with a fine vaporized spray, electrically tested to a temperature just a little more than blood heat. These sprays (which are used in French hospitals) improve the health of the skin, revitalize it, and make it receptive for the mask which is to follow.

The mask is chosen to suit the type of skin, and remains on for fifteen to twenty minutes. In each case anti-wrinkle cream is smoothed round the eyes, and pads soaked in soothing eye lotion placed over the closed lids. After the cream has been removed with warm water and a special lotion, we come to the final part of the treatment. This takes the form of a cold spray, in which the pressure is a little stronger than that used for the previous warm one. The spray contains oxygen, which is highly invigorating.

After such a treatment, finishing up with an attractive and delicately applied make-up, the client goes forth looking and feeling refreshed and rejuvenated.



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THEY ARE ENGAGED



^{Baron}
Miss Elizabeth Angela Parkes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Parkes, of "Winmarleigh," North Ferriby, East Yorks, is engaged to Lt.-Cdr. Michael Trevor Snelling, R.N., only son of Maj.-Gen. A. J. H. Snelling, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Snelling, of "Tamia Ridge," Camberley



^{Fayer}
Miss Hazel Taylor, of Edwardes Square, London, W.8, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Clark Taylor, of Moor Court, Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is to marry shortly in Malaya Mr. P. R. Andrew, Colonial Police Service, Malaya, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Andrew, of Abingdon, Berks



^{Lenore}
The Hon. Fiona Campbell-Gray, of Rutland Gate, S.W.7, daughter of the late Major the Master of Gray, M.C., and the Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Gray, is to marry Capt. Desmond Fabling, The Royal Dragoons, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Fabling, of Moat House, Grandborough, at Rugby

THEY WERE MARRIED



Orr—Braham (left). Mr. John Bissett Orr, son of Mr. D. J. W. Orr, of Crossacres, Wentworth, Surrey, and the late Mrs. E. O. Orr, married Miss Valerie C. Braham, daughter of the late Mr. P. Braham, and of Mrs. F. E. Braham, of Fipps Cottage, Highmoor, Henley-on-Thames, at St. Paul's Church, Highmoor

Eileen Ramsey



Miles—Mackinnon (right). Mr. J. W. Miles, son of Sir Charles and Lady Miles, of The Mount, South Godstone, Surrey, married Miss Fiona Mackinnon, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Mackinnon, of Froghole Farm, Crockham Hill, Edenbridge, Kent, at Crockham Hill

John Topham



Woodhead — de Burgh (left). Capt. Michael J. Woodhead, son of Capt. A. H. Woodhead, of Esher, and Mrs. V. Woodhead, of Walton-on-Thames, married Miss Gillian de Burgh, youngest daughter of the late Col. H. G. de Burgh, and of Mrs. de Burgh, of New Cavendish Street, W.1, at St. James's, Spanish Place

McMullen—Pearson-Rogers (right). Mr. John McMullen, son of Mr. and Mrs. James McMullen, of Thurston Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds, married Miss Cecily Pearson-Rogers, twin daughter of G/Capt. and Mrs. H. W. Pearson-Rogers, of Tostock, Bury St. Edmunds, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



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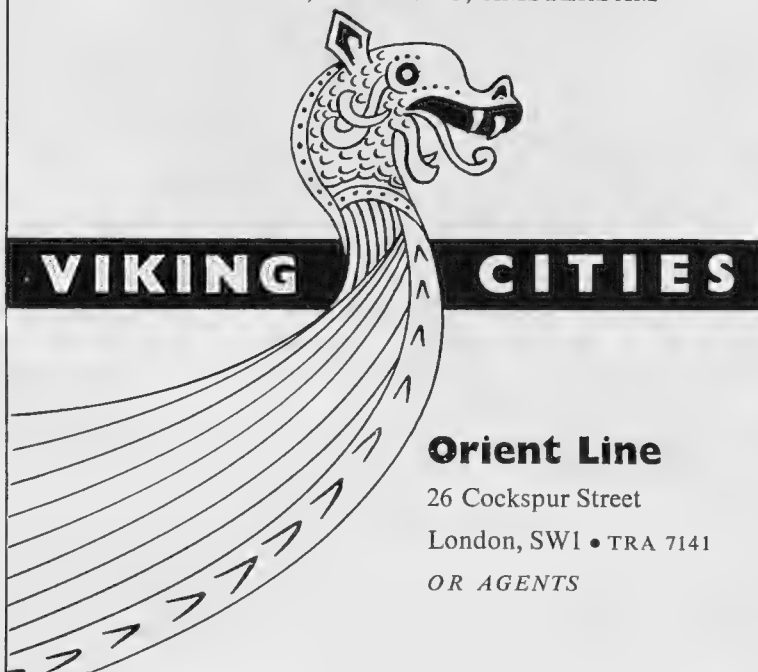
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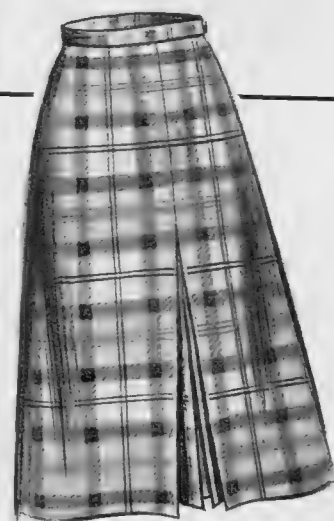
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THE WINNERS of the *Coupe des Dames* at the Monte Carlo Rally, Miss Anne Hall, Miss Françoise Clarke and Miss Sheila Van Damm, having their stop-watch checked by Mr. Norman Garrad. It was the first time Britain had won this cup since 1932



Motoring

Baroque at Brussels

MY interest in American motor cars would be greater if they were more readily available in this country and if they were somewhat smaller, lighter and less ornate. So the Brussels show, inasmuch as it is nearly always predominantly American in its exhibits, did not hold the interest of other shows. But it must be confessed that American styling influences the rest of the world, and consequently it is necessary to note the further accentuation of the squashed-out body. The cars are so low and the front grilles so wide that we seem to have reached the extreme point in this development. But there are, as yet, no clearly defined indications of any other trend.

Among the British sports cars Aston Martin and Jaguar provided the highlights, and there was the pleasant-looking Italian-bodied Bristol. But the main impression was that, beside the American machines, the British and the French seemed small and retiring.

WHILE the Brussels Show was in progress the Monte Carlo drivers were on their way. As usual, I shall reserve comments on this event until I have been able to study the official results. But so many people have asked about the average speed computers used by some competitors, notably those driving Fords, that a brief reference to them is required. Average speed computers are not new. An Italian one was put on the market some years ago and there were attempts to bring it to this country, for both manufacture and sales. These attempts failed.

This Italian-designed instrument, however, was a completely different thing from Dr. Hall's design. I have not yet examined this; but a Monte Carlo competitor who proposed to fit it told me some time ago that it gave results in both kilometres an hour and in miles an hour, and that it began working within a few seconds of starting. One of the difficulties about the Italian instrument was that it was expensive. When I hear about the price of the

British instrument and have had an opportunity of studying it more closely, I will refer to it again.

FANGIO started the year well in the Argentine Grand Prix and it was good to see Stirling Moss in fourth place next to Gonzales and Maglioli in Ferraris. In the daily paper reports there was some doubt about whether Moss's stop was the consequence of sunstroke or fuel feed troubles, but it was clear that, until he did stop, he was running next to Fangio.

The race was watched by a large crowd of people and, at the start, the front row of the grid was occupied by Fangio (Mercedes), Ascari (Lancia) and Behra (Maserati). The speed of Ascari's practice laps suggests that the new Lancia may begin winning races this year. Its chief characteristic is the good power-weight ratio. There is not a part of this car that has not been scrutinized with the object of seeing whether it can be made lighter without sacrifice of strength.

ONCE again my advocacy of the diesel-engined motor car receives support from the Royal Automobile Club's analysis of 1954 "get-you-home" cases. For by far the largest percentage of failures is attributed to electrical trouble. The percentage figure for this kind of trouble, in fact, is a good deal more than double that for any other kind. So if you do away with electrical ignition you do away with something which, if these statistics are accepted, is the primary cause of breakdown.

There is yet another point to be noted in favour of the diesel for trustworthiness. After electrical troubles, the next highest percentage is for axle shafts and then comes carburation. Carburation and axle shafts are about equal as trouble-causers, with just over ten per cent each (electrical equipment is 28.08 per cent). But the diesel has no carburettor, so once again its claim to built-in reliability seems to be sustained by the ordinary experiences of motorists.

These R.A.C. analyses of breakdown causes have been coming out for thirty years. The number of cases dealt with last year was 32,557, and this was an increase on previous years. But that need not be taken to indicate that motor cars and motor-cycles are becoming less reliable, for an equally probable explanation is the R.A.C. twenty-four hour emergency service. This works from the club's offices in London, Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds.

A PLEASING tribute to the vintage motor car is paid by an American citizen, Ken W. Purdy, in a new book, *The Kings Of The Road* (Hutchinson, 15s.). We have had other books on this subject recently, but in this instance the approach is individual. Some of the famous cars dealt with are various Bugatti models, Bentleys, Lancias, Alfa Romeos, M.G.s, Jaguars, Lagondas and Bristols. I would like to quote one of the concluding passages:

We are fighting a rearguard action in a lost cause. For the gas-turbine engine, clutchless, gearless, without pistons, cylinders, carburettor or crankshaft to its name is looming just over the horizon. The Rover people in England ran the first one in 1950. It whistled down an airport runway at nearly one hundred miles an hour. . . . At almost the same time an American Kenworth lorry was running with a Boeing gas-turbine power unit aboard. A few trifling problems involving such things as high fuel consumption remain to be solved, and then the piston engine . . . will go to join the paddle-wheel boat, the hydraulic elevator and the steam tractor. But it will not depart unsung.

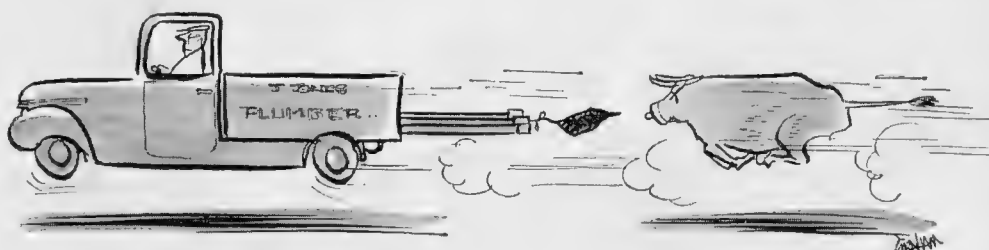
Mr. Purdy has ensured that in this entertaining book.

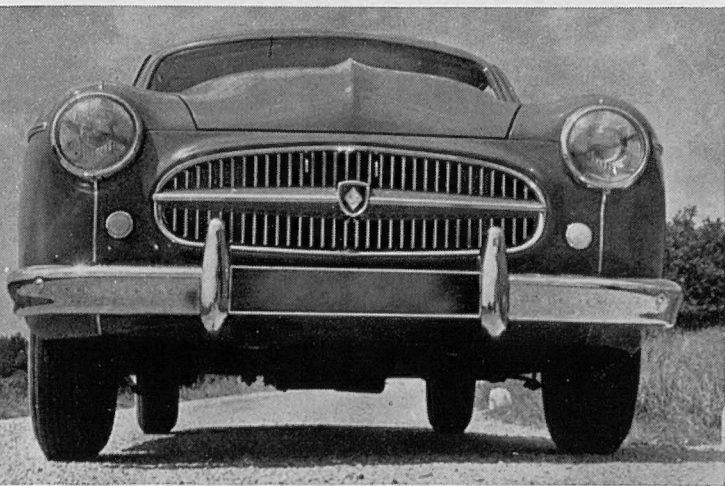
MARCHAL, who are, I imagine, the biggest suppliers of lighting equipment to French motorists, have introduced a new swivelling searchlight. It is based on the Marchal 642 driving lamp, which is fairly well known over here and is mounted on a universal joint. This kind of light is of great value if much night driving on unfamiliar roads must be done. It enables signposts to be read and it enables doubtful bridges and road sections to be inspected.

I should add, by the way, that there is no prohibition of swivelling searchlights in this country as some seem to imagine. The prohibition is directed against their use when the car is moving.

An excellent little film by the Shell concern on the gas turbine was shown privately the other day and will now, I believe, be available for general release. It is done with the greatest skill and uses simple diagrams to illustrate the whole of the turbine principle. I enjoyed it greatly and I hope it will have wide circulation, because the day of the turbocar is not far distant.

—Oliver Stewart





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Books [Continuing from page 204]

Story that boils
to flash-point

left the monastery. Utopianism, a passionate, growing belief in a better world, a conviction that he ought to play a part in it, had made the young Carmelite chafe against his cell.

Old Father Damiano had bent forward and spoken close to Father Consalves's ear. "God does not visit Utopias, but He comes again and again to this tear-soaked world. For there's infinite poverty here, infinite hunger and woe! God loves what is utterly different from Himself; He loves the abyss . . . God loves the world because it is imperfect. We are God's Utopias, but in process of development."

Can these words not be in Paco's mind as he finds himself confronted by the Utopian of today, the Red lieutenant—who, blood-soaked, haunted by the horrors he has lately wrought, wishes to make his confession? What is Paco, the unfrocked priest, to say to this enemy-atheist who turns to him?

We Are Utopia involves not only spiritual crisis but intensely exciting outward action. No thriller could be more tense than these last pages. The end, though sombre, is superb.

★ ★ ★

THE STORY OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER, by Jo Manton, is the latest addition to Messrs. Methuen's series of "story biographies," at 9s. 6d. Written, in principle, for young people, and delightfully illustrated by drawings, this book should pass into the hands of anybody who cares to know about a great life. Dr. Albert Schweitzer, it will be remembered, recently was awarded the Nobel Prize for his services to humanity: the extent of these, in more fields than one, are amazing. Has any other great musician, one may ask, fought, also, such a heroic fight for the practical welfare of mankind? The work in French Equatorial Africa, the unceasing struggle against disease, the faith set up in the natives who trusted him, has been vividly pictured by Mrs. Manton, who deals no less well with the early, simple, happy years in Alsace. It was because he *was* happy, Dr. Schweitzer told a friend, that he wished to give something back, in return, to life. This book celebrates his eightieth birthday.



"Can I help you?"

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REPTON from the cricket field. The School, which is approaching its four hundredth anniversary, stands on the site of an ancient priory

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Repton's Great Century

LONG before it became famous for its public school, the little town of Repton, charmingly situated on the slope of the rising ground above the River Trent, was a place of renown. In the seventh century it was the Christian capital of Mercia, one of the first great Saxon kingdoms.

Repton School, now closely approaching the four hundredth anniversary of its foundation, stands on the site of an ancient priory, the picturesque gateway of which is still standing at the entrance to the school grounds.

The priory, which had been established by the Austin Canons of Calke in the twelfth century, was dissolved in 1536 and passed into possession of Thomas Thacker, steward to Lord Cromwell. After his death, his son Gilbert, an inveterate enemy of monastic orders, demolished the priory church. Fortunately the destruction of the rest of the buildings was checked by Sir John Port, of nearby Etwell, who bought what remained of the priory, the west wing containing the undercroft or cellars storeroom, the prior's chambers and the guest house.

Sir John died in 1557 before his intended school could be started, but his executors carried out the instructions of his will to found a grammar school, the school which has now become famous.

As they look across the school yard, Reptonians see buildings dating from every century since the tenth. Part of the foundations of the great conventual church may be traced in the school gardens, and broken bases of the church pillars and a medieval kiln for making tiles have been unearthed during excavations. On the site of the friar's lodge stands Repton Hall, the residence of the headmasters of Repton, notable for its fifteenth-century brick tower, known as Prior Overton's Tower. The house once belonged to the Thackers, to whom many of the ancient buildings were given by Henry VIII after the dissolution.

The fortunes of Repton have fluctuated considerably during the centuries. At times the school numbered over 300 boys, at other

times fewer than fifty scholars attended. The prosperity of the school really dates from the arrival of Dr. Pears in 1854. This famous headmaster reorganized the whole school, built the chapel, instituted proper boarding houses outside the priory, and established Repton as a public school. During this time the first of the seven brothers Ford came to Repton; one of them, the Rev. Lionel Ford, was to become headmaster in 1900 and he was succeeded ten years later by William Temple, subsequently Archbishop of York. Today the school, under the headmastership of T. Lynam Thomas, carries on the great traditions of nearly four centuries of continuous history.

TURNING to the field of sport, one is in no doubt whose name must be honoured first; that of C. B. Fry, the most famous of all Old Reptonians and the most dominant figure in sport in his generation, whose achievements would provide interesting material for a separate article. In this brief history of Repton School, one can only record his brilliant batting for Sussex and England in the great days of England cricket. In his Oxford days, he equalled the then world's long jump, played both codes of football and later was an outstanding back for England, the Corinthians and Southampton.

After the departure of such great cricketers as the Fords, the Palarets and C. B. Fry, the standard of Repton cricket declined for a while, but with the arrival of the Rev. Lionel Ford as headmaster at the beginning of the century another great period of Repton cricket began. Notable Reptonians in the first decade of the century were R. A. Young, J. N. Crawford, E. A. Greswell, H. S. Altham, the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe and, between the wars, A. J. Holmes, B. H. Valentine and J. H. Human. In recent years the names of G. L. Willatt and D. B. Carr come to mind.

In Association football, since the Arthur Dunn Cup was inaugurated in 1902, the Old Reptonians have made nine appearances in the final, on three occasions winning the coveted honour.

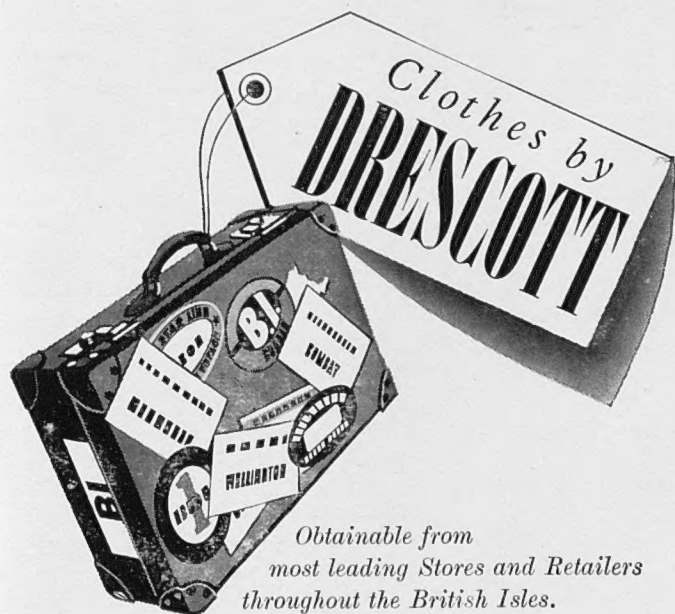
—S. A. Patman

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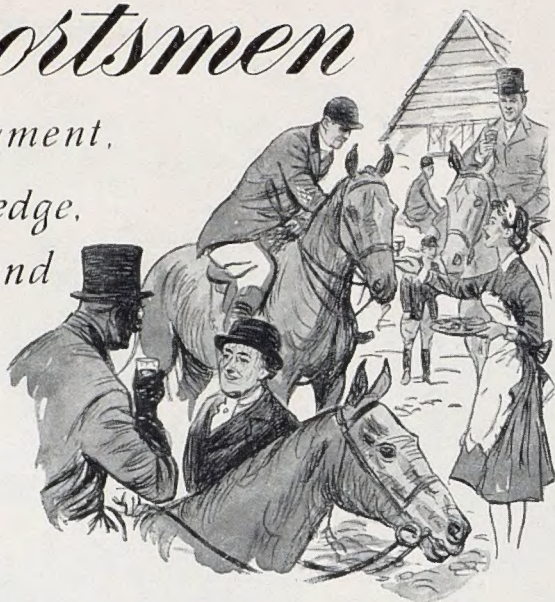
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